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Caledonian Edition

THE WORKS OF

Sir Walter Scott

INCLUDING

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

AND THE POEMS

IN FIFTY VOLUMES

VOLUME XLVI

HEATH
ROBINSON

'Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air'

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

EARLY BALLADS AND LYRICS

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
1913

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From a drawing by Mr. W. Heath Robinson. (See page 169.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT AT 47 4

From a drawing by Andrew Geddes, in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, originally intended as part of a painting of 'The Discovery of the Regalia.'

ROSLIN CASTLE FROM THE GLEN 70

'Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.'

The castle was built in the fifteenth century by William St. Clair, Baron of Roslin. It stands on a high bank, overlooking the river Esk. The picture was taken from a point on the opposite side of the river, not far from the water's edge, giving the castle an appearance of being in the tree tops.

CADYOW CASTLE 100

'But Cadyow's towers in ruins laid,
And vaults by ivy mantled o'er.'

Very little remains of the old castle, and the ruined walls are almost completely concealed by the surrounding shrubbery. It is in Hamilton Park, the beautiful estate of the Duke of Hamilton, south of Glasgow.

NEWARK CASTLE 160

'He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower.'

This old castle, overlooking the Yarrow, was one of Scott's favourite resorts when on picnic excursions with his family and friends. His last visit is commemorated by Wordsworth in *Yarrow Revisited*.

THE POSTERN DOOR, MELROSE ABBEY . . . 184

'By a steel-clenched postern door
They entered now the chancel tall.'

The carvings on this door are unusually well preserved. In some of them the stems of the leaves are so delicately cut that it is possible to pass a straw behind them, a remarkable fact when the age of the work is considered.

EAST WINDOW, MELROSE ABBEY 186

'The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone.'

This part of the abbey was erected in the early part of the fourteenth century. The stone carvings, after a lapse of six hundred years, are still remarkably well preserved, particularly the 'slender shafts of shapely stone.'

BRANKSOME CASTLE 194

'Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.'

The ancient castle, which figured in the border warfare between the English and the Scots, is still occupied as a family residence. It is owned by the Duke of Buccleuch, whose ancestor, Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, obtained possession in the fifteenth century. Its well-kept condition makes it look more modern than it really is, for it was built in substantially its present form as early as 1576. In the foreground is the river Teviot, at this point a very narrow stream. The castle is situated a few miles southwest of Hawick.

NAWORTH CASTLE 268

'And when I lay in dungeon dark
Of Naworth castle, long months three.'

The ancient castle, now occupied as a residence by the Earl of Carlisle, was the stronghold of the Dacres in the sixteenth century, and later of the Howards. It is in the northern part of England near the city of Carlisle. The tower on the right is known as 'Belted Will's Tower,' from Lord William Howard, a part of whose original library still remains in the building.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

It is a happy fortune that made the two Scotsmen who stand as the highest spiritual representatives of their race to bear names so significant as Burns and Scott. The little streams that catch the sunlight as they spring down the slopes of the Scottish hills are as free in their nature and as limpid in their depths as are the songs with which Burns has given perennial freshness to Scottish life. And it was singularly fortunate that the man of all men who was to interpret his country to the world should himself have been named Scott. If we could reproduce earlier conditions, philologists in some future era of the world's history might be querying whether the little country of the north was named Scotland from the native poet, Walter Scott, or the poet took his name from the country of which he sang.

Walter Scott was born August 15, 1771, in his father's house at the head of the College Wynd, Edinburgh. He was of the purest Border race. Walter Scott — Wat of Harden — was the grandfather of his father's grandfather and was married to Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, two personages whom Sir Walter honoured with more than one reference in his verse. Wat of Harden's eldest son was Sir William Scott, a stout Jacobite who saved his life when making an unsuccessful foray on the lands of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, by accepting the alternative of marrying the plainest of the daughters of Sir Gideon, a marriage which by no means turned out ill, but seems to have created a genuine alliance between the two houses.

The third son of Sir William was Walter Scott, the first Laird of Raeburn. He and his wife were willing converts to the doctrines of George Fox, the Quaker apostle, but the elder brother, a sturdy Jacobite, would have no such nonsense in the family, and caused Walter and his wife to be clapped into prison and their children educated apart from such pestilential associations as the peace-loving, non-resisting Friends. So effective was the

procedure that Walter's son Walter finally intrigued in the cause of the exiled Stuarts, lost pretty much all he had in the world, even his head being in great jeopardy, and wore his beard unclipped to the day of his death under vow that no razor should touch it till the return of the Stuarts, and so got the name of Beardie; vows, razors, and beards appear always to have had some occult connection. In the Introduction to the sixth canto of *Marmion* he half puts on Beardie's coat as he writes to Richard Heber. Beardie was Scott's great-grandsire. His grandfather was Beardie's second son, Robert Scott of Sandy-Knowe, and as this ancestor came to have a large part in Scott's early life, it is worth while to attend to Sir Walter's own narrative concerning him.

'My grandfather,' he writes, in the effective bit of autobiography preserved by Lockhart, 'was originally bred to the sea; but, being shipwrecked near Dundee in his trial voyage, he took such a sincere dislike to that element that he could not be persuaded to a second attempt. This occasioned a quarrel between him and his father, who left him to shift for himself. Robert was one of those active spirits to whom this was no misfortune. He turned Whig upon the spot, and fairly abjured his father's politics, and his learned poverty. His chief and relative, Mr. Scott of Harden, gave him a lease of the farm of Sandy-Knowe, comprehending the rocks in the centre of which Smailholm or Sandy-Knowe tower is situated. He took for his shepherd an old man called Hogg, who willingly lent him, out of respect to his family, his whole savings, about £30, to stock the new farm. With this sum, which it seems was at the time sufficient for the purpose, the master and servant set off to purchase a stock of sheep at Whitsun-Tryste, a fair held on a hill near Wooler in Northumberland. The old shepherd went carefully from drove to drove, till he found a *hirsel* likely to answer their purpose, and then returned to tell his master to come up and conclude the bargain. But what was his surprise to see him galloping a mettled hunter about the race-course, and to find he had expended the whole stock in this extraordinary purchase! —

Moses' bargain of green spectacles did not strike more dismay into the Vicar of Wakefield's family than my grandfather's rashness into the poor old shepherd. The thing, however, was irretrievable, and they returned without the sheep. In the course of a few days, however, my grandfather, who was one of the best horsemen of his time, attended John Scott of Harden's hounds on this same horse, and displayed him to such advantage that he sold him for double the original price. The farm was now stocked in earnest; and the rest of my grandfather's career was that of successful industry. He was one of the first who were active in the cattle-trade, afterward carried to such extent between the Highlands of Scotland and the leading counties in England, and by his droving transactions acquired a considerable sum of money. He was a man of middle stature, extremely active, quick, keen, and fiery in his temper, stubbornly honest, and so distinguished for his skill in country matters that he was the general referee in all points of dispute which occurred in the neighbourhood. His birth being admitted as gentle gave him access to the best society in the county, and his dexterity in country sports, particularly hunting, made him an acceptable companion in the field as well as at the table.'

This Robert Scott of Sandy-Knowe married Barbara Haliburton, who brought to her husband that part of Dryburgh which included the ruined Abbey. By a misfortune in the family of Barbara Scott, this property was sold, yet the right of burial remained, and was, as we shall see, availed of by Scott himself. The eldest of the large family of Robert and Barbara Scott was Walter, the father of Walter. He was educated to the profession of a Writer to the Signet, which is Scots equivalent for attorney. 'He had a zeal for his clients,' writes his son, 'which was almost ludicrous: far from coldly discharging the duties of his employment toward them, he thought for them, felt for their honour as for his own, and rather risked disobliging them than neglecting anything to which he conceived their duty bound them.' For the rest, he was a religious man of the stricter sort, a steady friend to freedom, yet holding fast by the monarchical element,

which he thought somewhat jeoparded, a great stickler for etiquette in all the social forms, and a most hearty host. He married Anne, the daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh.

Such was the inheritance with which Walter Scott came into the world, and at every step one counts a strong strain of that Scottish temper which, twisted and knotted in generations of hardihood, issues in a robust nature, delighting in the hunt and the free coursing over hill and plain, and finding in the stern country a meet nurse for a poetic child. But the conditions of life which developed an inherited power are none the less interesting to observe. His mother could not nurse him, and his first nurse had consumption. One after another of the little family of which he was a member had died in the close air of the wynd, and Walter was snatched from a like end by the wisdom of his father, who moved his household to a meadow district sloping to the south from the old town; but when he was eighteen months old a childish fever cost the boy the full use of his right leg, and all his life long he limped, — a sorry privation to so outdoor a nature; yet as the loss or disability of a member seems to have the effect on resolute persons of making them do the very things for which these members, one would say, were indispensable, making that armless men paint and blind men watch bees, so Scott became mountain climber and bold dragoon.

The enfeeblement which came led Dr. Rutherford, his mother's father, to send the child to his other grandfather's farm at Sandy-Knowe, and there, with some intervals, he lived as a shepherd's child might live for five years, from 1774 to 1779; from three years old, that is, till eight. Here he came into the hands of the housekeeper, old Alison Wilson, whom he has immortalised, even to the name, in his tale of *Old Mortality*. His grandfather, meanwhile, the rugged cattle-dealer, took him in hand with a treatment which brought the little fellow into very close contact with Nature. 'Among the odd remedies recurred to to aid my lameness,' says Scott in his Autobiography, 'some one had recommended that so often as a sheep

was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed up in the skin, warm as it was flayed from the carcase of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farmhouse, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl.' Whatever may have been the virtue in this contagion, there can be no hesitation in applauding the brave treatment which later was employed. When he was in his fourth year and it was thought best to try the waters of Bath, Walter had begun to show the results of his life at Sandy-Knowe.

'My health,' he says, 'was by this time a good deal confirmed by the country air, and the influence of that imperceptible and unfatiguing exercise to which the good sense of my grandfather had subjected me; for when the day was fine, I was usually carried out and laid down beside the old shepherd, among the crags or rocks round which he fed his sheep. The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity, and I began by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run. Although the limb affected was much shrunk and contracted, my general health, which was of more importance, was much strengthened by being frequently in the open air, and, in a word, I, who in a city had probably been condemned to hopeless and helpless decrepitude, was now a healthy, high-spirited, and, my lameness apart, a sturdy child.' In another place he says that 'he delighted to roll about in the grass all day long in the midst of the flock, and the sort of fellowship he formed with the sheep and lambs impressed his mind with a degree of affectionate feeling towards them which lasted through life.'

The year he spent at Bath left little impression on his mind, save an experience at the theatre when he saw *As You Like It*, and was so scandalised at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene that he screamed out, 'Ain't they brothers?' so sheltered had his little life been thus far from anything which savoured of strife in the household. He had a little schooling at Bath, where he was under the watch and ward of

his aunt Janet Scott, but at Sandy-Knowe, both before his excursion and after his return for three years more, he had a more natural and vital introduction to literature in the tales which he heard from his grandmother, whose own recollections went back to the days of Border raids. Thus he came, in the course of nature, as it were, into possession of an inexhaustible treasury from which later he drew forth things new and old.

The years at Sandy-Knowe were the years of conscious awakening to life, and the early impressions made on his mind were so indelible, that when he first began to put pen to paper it was from the scenes he then had known that the images arose. From these scenes sprang the *Eve of St. John* and *Marmion;* near at hand was Dryburgh; the Tweed, which flows through his song like an enchanted stream, flowed with an embracing sweep about Melrose; and the Eildon Hills, the Cheviot range, and the wilderness of Lammermoor all mingled with his childish memories and fancies.

As one reads on in Scott's Autobiography, and in the records and letters which supplement it, the experiences begin to call up scenes in the novels, and even familiar names offer themselves. Thus, when in his eighth year he abode for a while with his aunt at Prestonpans, to get the benefit of sea-bathing, he formed a youthful intimacy with an old military veteran, Dalgetty by name, 'who had pitched his tent in that little village, after all his campaigns, subsisting upon an ensign's half-pay, though called by courtesy a captain. As this old gentleman, who had been in all the German wars, found very few to listen to his tales of military feats, he formed a sort of alliance with me, and I used invariably to attend him for the pleasure of hearing those communications.' At Prestonpans, too, he fell in with George Constable, an old friend of his father, and portrayed him afterward so vividly, while unconscious of it, in the character of Jonathan Oldbuck in *The Antiquary*, as to fix suspicion on himself as the author of the book.

But now, thanks to the generous course of nature-treatment, he was ready for schooling, and a Scottish boy would be a

strange lad, indeed, if he were not given over into the hands of the schoolmaster at a tender age; the schoolmaster himself ranking in the social scale with the minister and the doctor. Thanks, too, to his mother and his aunt Janet, he began his school life with his head well stocked with stories of the real happenings in his own country, and with a portrait gallery of stalwart figures of history and poetry. The boy lived at home in his father's house in Edinburgh, and went to the High School for five years, from 1778 to 1783. Here he learned Latin and tried his own skill at making versified translations of Virgil and Horace, and here he made friendships that lasted through his life. He had, besides, a tutor at home, and he went, as the custom was, to a separate school for writing and arithmetic. To this school young girls also went, and one of them later in life set down in this wise her remembrance of her school-fellow: —

'He attracted the regard and fondness of all his companions, for he was ever rational, fanciful, lively, and possessed of that urbane gentleness of manner which makes its way to the heart. His imagination was constantly at work, and he often so engrossed the attention of those who learnt with him that little could be done — Mr. Morton himself being forced to laugh as much as the little scholars at the odd turns and devices he fell upon; for he did nothing in the ordinary way, but, for example, even when he wanted ink to his pen, would get up some ludicrous story about sending his doggie to the mill again. He used also to interest us in a more serious way, by telling us the *visions*, as he called them, which he had lying alone on the floor or sofa, when kept from going to church on a Sunday by ill-health. Child as I was, I could not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories he had seen — his misty and sublime sketches of the regions above, which he had visited in his trance. Recollecting these descriptions, radiant and not gloomy as they were, I have often thought since that there must have been a bias in his mind to superstition — the marvellous seemed to have such power over him, though the mere offspring of his own imagination, that the expression of his face,

habitually that of genuine benevolence, mingled with a shrewd innocent humour, changed greatly while he was speaking of these things, and showed a deep intenseness of feeling, as if he were awed even by his own recital. . . . I may add, that in walking he used always to keep his eyes turned downwards as if thinking, but with a pleasing expression of countenance, as if enjoying his thoughts. Having once known him, it was impossible ever to forget him.'

But familiar as was the boy's intercourse with companions of his own age, Scott himself plainly lays great emphasis on the affectionate relation he held with his elders. After his studies at the High School and before he entered college, he lived for a while, and afterward frequently visited, with his aunt Janet at Kelso. Here he kept up some schooling with the village schoolmaster, who appears to have been the original of Dominie Sampson, but he also read voraciously in Spenser and Shakespeare, in the older novelists, and here he made the acquaintance of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. 'I remember well,' he records in later life, 'the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus-tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the garden. The summer-day sped onward so fast, that notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was found still entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my school-fellows and all who would hearken to me with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy.' Among these school-fellows was James Ballantyne, so closely identified with his later fortunes. 'He soon discovered,' says Ballantyne in a reminiscence, 'that I was as fond of listening as he himself was of relating; and I remember it was a thing of daily occurrence, that after he had made himself master of his own lesson, I, alas! being still sadly to seek in mine, he used to whisper to me: "Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story."' And stories in abundance he afterward told to the listening Jamie.

If at Sandy-Knowe Nature had stolen into his mind, as well as sent her healing messages into his body, at Kelso he entered upon that hearty, enthusiastic love of natural beauty, and especially of the mingling of man's deeds with Nature's elements, which glows through his poems and his novels. 'The meeting,' there, he says, 'of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song — the ruins of an ancient Abbey — the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle — the modern mansion of Fleurs, which is so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern taste — are in themselves objects of the first class; yet are so mixed, united, and melted among a thousand other beauties of a less prominent description, that they harmonise into one general picture, and please rather by unison than by concord. I believe I have written unintelligibly upon this subject, but it is fitter for the pencil than the pen. The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind, naturally rested upon and associated themselves with these grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents, or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by travelling over half the globe.'

In 1783, when he was twelve years old, he entered college at Edinburgh, after the manner of Scottish boys, and had three years of college life, such as it was, for he let Greek sink out of knowledge, kept up a smattering only of Latin, heard a little philosophy under Dugald Stewart, and attended a class in history. His health was not confirmed, and he had recourse more than once to the healing of Kelso, and by the time he was fifteen and had done with college, he was poorly enough equipped with learning. But the flame of poetry and romance which had been

kindled burned steadily within him and was fed with large draughts from literature, with delightfully free renderings amongst his chosen friends, and with now and then little exercises with his pen. It is, however, noticeable throughout the formative period of Scott's life, how little he was affected with the *cacoethes scribendi*. He had the healthier appetite which is appeased though never satiated with literature, and the natural gift which finds expression in improvised story-telling, or the free recital of what one has read. A friend recalling the delightful Saturday excursions to Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, or Blackford Hill, when they carried books from the circulating library to read on the rocks in the intervals of hardy climbing, adds: 'After we had continued this practice of reading for two years or more together, he proposed that we should recite to each other alternately such adventures of knight-errants as we could ourselves contrive; and we continued to do so a long while. He found no difficulty in it, and used to recite for half an hour or more at a time, while I seldom continued half that space. The stories we told were, as Sir Walter has said, interminable — for we were unwilling to have any of our favourite knights killed. Our passion for romance led us to learn Italian together; after a time we could both read it with fluency, and we then copied such tales as we had met with in that language, being a continued succession of battles and enchantments. He began early to collect old ballads, and as my mother could repeat a great many, he used to come and learn those she could recite to him. He used to get all the copies of these ballads he could, and select the best.'

Scott himself, never given to subjective analysis, repeatedly stood off and looked at himself, boy and man, to sketch the figure in some of one of his characters, and thus he has portrayed with great accuracy in the person of Waverley the course of voluntary study which he had followed up to this time. 'He had read, and stored in a memory of uncommon tenacity, much curious, though ill-arranged and miscellaneous information. In English literature he was master of Shakespeare and Milton, of

our earlier dramatic authors, of many picturesque and interesting passages from our old historical chronicles, and was particularly well acquainted with Spenser, Drayton, and other poets, who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction, — of all themes the most fascinating to a youthful imagination, before the passions have roused themselves, and demand poetry of a more sentimental description.'

In 1786 Scott was apprenticed to his father, and for five years he served his time; five more years were spent in the scanty practice of the law, before the first volume appeared of that long row which, compress it as we may, must always take up a great deal of shelf-room with the complete writings of Sir Walter Scott. These ten years witnessed the strengthening of a nature which, with all the early promise to be traced in the outlines we have drawn, had nothing in it of the forced ripening of a stimulated brain. Scott was twenty-five years old when he printed the thin volume of translations from the German; he was over thirty when he edited the *Border Minstrelsy* with the first essays into his own field of romantic verse, and he had entered upon the second of man's generations before he wrote *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. There is nothing of the prodigy in this. Scott's industry was great. His productiveness was notable, especially when one takes into account the great body of letters and journal-writing, and remembers how popular he was in society; but before he entered on his career as an author, he was simply a full-blooded young Scotsman, delighting in excursions, with a capacious memory in which he stored and assimilated the records in prose and verse of Scottish achievements, an omnivorous reader, and a hearty companion. He was not even regarded as a leading figure in the literary society affected by the ingenious youth of Edinburgh. His essays in literature were not very effective. As he himself humorously puts it, 'I never attempted them unless compelled to do so by the regulations of the society, and then I was like the Lord of Castle Rackrent, who was obliged to cut down a tree to get a few fagots to boil the kettle; for the quantity of ponderous and

miscellaneous knowledge which I really possessed on many subjects was not easily condensed, or brought to bear upon the object I wished particularly to become master of. Yet there occurred opportunities when this odd lumber of my brain, especially that which was connected with the recondite parts of history, did me, as Hamlet says, "yeoman's service." My memory of events was like one of the large, old-fashioned stone cannons of the Turks, — very difficult to load well and discharge, but making a powerful effect when by good chance any object did come within range of its shot.'

It was at the beginning of this period that Scott caught a glimpse of that other great Scotsman, Burns, with whom, though he did not know it, he was to share the bench which Scotland owns on the slope of Parnassus. Quite as notable was the acquaintance which he first made about the same time with the Highlands. Though business for his father took him into this region, his delight in the scenery and the people took precedence of his occupation with affairs, and long after he had forgotten the trivial errands in the interest of the law, he remembered the tales he had heard, and his imagination built upon his experience those characters and scenes which live in the lines of *The Lady of the Lake* and in the pages of *Rob Roy*.

The record of Scott's life during the ten years of his legal training and early practice is delightfully varied with narratives of these excursions. The ardour of the young Scotsman carried him into the midst of scenes which were to prove the unfailing quarry from which he was to draw the material for his work of romance and fiction; and when one looks back upon his years of adolescence from the vantage-ground of a full knowledge of his career, it would seem as if never did a writer qualify himself for his work of creation in so thorough and direct a fashion. Yet happily this preparation was unpremeditated and unconscious, for the naturalness which is the supreme characteristic of Sir Walter's verse and prose was due to the integrity and simplicity of his nature expending itself during these years of preparation upon occupations and interests which were ends in themselves.

His healthy spirit found outlet in this hearty enjoyment of Nature and history and human life, with apparently no thought of what use he should put his acquisitions to; it was enough for the time that he should share his enjoyment with his cherished friends, or at the most shape his knowledge into some amateur essay for his literary club.

In the midst of this active, wholesome life he entered upon an experience which made a deep furrow in his soul. It is witness to the sincerity of his first real passion — we may pass over the youthful excitement which gave him a constancy of affection for a girl when he was in his twentieth year — that it should have found expression in the earliest of his own poems, 'The Violet,' have risen into view more than once in direct and indirect reference in poems and novels, and even late in life should have called out a deep note of yearning regret in his journal. The tale of his disappointment in love has been spread before the world recently with sufficient detail in Mr. Adam Scott's book [1] and in Miss Skene's magazine article. As we have intimated, it was an experience of no idle sort, but the outcome is another tribute, if one were needed, to the wholesomeness and freedom from morbid self-love which make Scott in these latter days so eminently the friend in literature of the young and whole-hearted. It is a comment on the absence of bitterness in his nature that he did not disengage himself from his kind, but threw himself into the affairs of the hour and organised the Edinburgh Lighthorse, of which he became quartermaster, writing a spirited war-song, and using his pen thus as an instrument of service, before he was regarded as a man of the pen at all.

There is something very consonant with our largest knowledge of Scott's temper in the incidents which led up to his marriage. The story in its beginning shall be told by Lockhart: —

'Riding one day with Ferguson, they met, some miles from Gilsland, a young lady taking the air on horseback, whom

[1] *The Story of Sir Walter Scott's First Love, with Illustrative Passages from his Life and Works, and Portraits of Sir Walter and Lady Scott, and of Sir William and Lady Forbes.* By Adam Scott. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace, 1896.

neither of them had previously remarked, and whose appearance instantly struck both so much, that they kept her in view until they had satisfied themselves that she also was one of the party at Gilsland [the watering-place where they had halted]. The same evening there was a ball, at which Captain [John] Scott produced himself in his regimentals, and Ferguson also thought proper to be equipped in the uniform of the Edinburgh Volunteers. There was no little rivalry among the young travellers as to who should first get presented to the unknown beauty of the morning's ride; but though both the gentlemen in scarlet had the advantage of being dancing partners, their friend succeeded in handing the fair stranger to supper — and such was his first introduction to Charlotte Margaret Carpenter.

'Without the features of a regular beauty, she was rich in personal attractions; "a form that was fashioned as light as a fay's"; a complexion of the clearest and lightest olive; eyes large, deep-set, and dazzling, of the finest Italian brown; and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the raven's wing; her address hovering between the reserve of a pretty young Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society, and a certain natural archness and gaiety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent. A lovelier vision, as all who remember her in the bloom of her days have assured me, could hardly have been imagined; and from that hour the fate of the young poet was fixed.'

The lady was a daughter of a French royalist who had died at the beginning of the revolution, but who had foreseen the approaching perils and had secured a moderate sum in English securities, so that his widow and her family at once fled across the Channel and made their home in London. Miss Carpenter at the time was making a summer tour under the direction of a Scotswoman who had been her governess.

Here was a young fellow just emerging from a bitter disappointment, who falls head over ears in love with a saucy, piquant girl whose letters, after the acquaintance had ripened swiftly into passion, disclose a capricious, teasing nature. Scott

could write to his mother and to Lord Downshire, who was a sort of guardian of Miss Carpenter, in a reasonable manner, but it is clear from his impetuous love-making and the eagerness he showed to bring matters to a head, that he was swept away by his zeal and impatient of all obstacles. It is just possible that in all this there was something of a reaction from the hurt he had suffered, and that Miss Carpenter's winsomeness and little imperious ways blinded him to all considerations of a prudent sort. He was ready at one time to throw aside all other considerations and take his bride to one of the colonies, there to win a place by the sheer force of energy in a new land. But his impetuousness shows the gay spirit with which he threw himself into all his enterprises, and the ardour with which he pursued an end which he thought he must attain. He removed one difficulty after another, and the sudden encounter in July was followed by marriage on the Eve of Christmas, 1797. Lady Scott bore Sir Walter four children, who lived and grew to maturity, two sons and two daughters. It is not easy to escape the impression that though she was lively and volatile, there was a certain lack of profound sympathy between husband and wife; that with all her love of society, Lady Scott was not able to bring to her husband the kind of appreciation of his genius which he found in such friends as Lady Louisa Stuart, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and the Marchioness of Abercorn. But it would be a mistake to infer that there was any lack of loyalty and tenderness on the part of either; and when Scott, broken in his fortunes, is obliged also to see his wife pass out of his life, the pathos of his utterance shows how intimately their interests had been blended. Yet Scott's own frank expression of the relation between them must stand as indicating the limitations of their union.

The young couple at first set up their home in Edinburgh, not far from the residence of Scott's mother and father, who were now feeble and soon to leave them. Scott was shortly appointed Sheriff of Selkirk, an office which carried no very heavy duties and a moderate salary. With this and such other property as he and his wife enjoyed, they were able to live modestly and

cheerfully, and Scott let slip the practice of his profession, never very congenial to him, and turned with zest to the semi-literary occupations which had begun to engross his attention.

For shortly before his marriage he had made a little venture in the field of books by publishing his translation of a couple of German ballads that were then highly popular, and not a great while after his marriage, he made a similar effort in the same direction by translating Goethe's drama of *Goetz von Berlichengen;* but his more zealous pursuit was in the collection of Scottish ballads, and by a natural sequence in patching these where they were broken, and by making very good imitations. Thus, stimulated also by a group of similar collectors, he published in 1802 and 1803 the three volumes of *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and by the most natural transition took up a theme suggested by his ballad studies and wrought with great celerity *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Scott's Introduction describes in some detail the origin of the poem and the motives which led him to undertake it. With the frankness always characteristic of him in his addresses to the public and his letters to his friends, he spoke as if he was moved chiefly by the need to better his circumstances, and the same confession is very openly made in connection with the writing of *Rokeby*, when he was full of the notion of realising his dreams in the establishment of Abbotsford. But it is given to us with our large knowledge of Scott's career to place motives in a more just relation; and though it is entirely true that Scott wanted money and found his want an incentive to the writing of poems and novels, it is equally true that the whole course of his life, up to the time of writing *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, was the direct preparation for this form of expression, and that his generous enthusiasm and warm imagination found this outlet with a simplicity and directness which explain how truly this writer, though a deliberate maker of books, had yet always that delightful quality which we recognise most surely in the improvisatore. It was his nature to write just such poetry as the free, swinging lines of his long poems.

Before the *Lay* was completed and published, Scott moved with his little family to Ashestiel, a country farm seven miles from the small town of Selkirk, and having a beautiful setting on the Tweedside, with green hills all about. Here he lived as a tenant of the Buccleuch estate for seven of the happiest years of his life. It was here that he wrote the poems preceding *Rokeby*, and here that he began the *Waverley*, and tossed the fragment aside. His income, which, at the beginning of his poetical career, was from all sources about £1000 a year, enabled him to live at ease, and the successive productions greatly augmented his property. Mr. Morritt, one of his closest friends, visited him at Ashestiel in 1808, and an extract from a memorandum which he gave Lockhart gives a most agreeable picture of the poet in his home.

'There he was the cherished friend and kind neighbour of every middling Selkirkshire yeoman, just as easily as in Edinburgh he was the companion of clever youth and narrative old age in refined society. He carried us one day to Melrose Abbey or Newark; another, to course with mountain greyhounds by Yarrow Braes or St. Mary's Loch, repeating every ballad or legendary tale connected with the scenery; and on a third, we must all go to a farmer's *kirn*, or harvest home, to dance with Border lasses on a barn floor, drink whisky punch, and enter with him into all the gossip and good fellowship of his neighbours, on a complete footing of unrestrained conviviality, equality, and mutual respect. His wife and happy young family were clustered round him, and the cordiality of his reception would have unbent a misanthrope. At this period his conversation was more equal and animated than any man's that I ever knew. It was most characterised by the extreme felicity and fun of his illustrations, drawn from the whole encyclopædia of life and nature, in a style somewhat too exuberant for written narrative, but which to him was natural and spontaneous. A hundred stories, always apposite and often interesting the mind by strong pathos, or eminently ludicrous, were daily told, which, with many more, have since been transplanted, almost in the

same language, into the Waverley Novels and his other writings. These and his recitations of poetry, which can never be forgotten by those who knew him, made up the charm that his boundless memory enabled him to exert to the wonder of the gaping lover of wonders. But equally impressive and powerful was the language of his warm heart, and equally wonderful were the conclusions of his vigorous understanding, to those who could return or appreciate either. Among a number of such recollections, I have seen many of the thoughts which then passed through his mind embodied in the delightful prefaces annexed late in life to his poetry and novels.'

Shortly after the publication of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and when he was pleasantly established at Ashestiel, James Ballantyne, who had already been helped by Scott with a loan, applied to his old school friend and the now successful author for further aid in his business. Scott took the opportunity to make an investment in Ballantyne's printing-business. He became a silent partner with a third interest. It seemed a most reasonable move. He had practically retired from the bar, though he was making an effort to secure a salaried position as a clerk of the court. He had a fair income, but his real capital he perceived was in his fertile brain, and by allying himself with a printing-office he would be in a position to get far more than an author's ordinary share in the productions of his pen. There was not the same wide gulf in Edinburgh between trade and profession which existed in London; and though Scott, with the natural pride of an author, did not make public his connection with Ballantyne, he was doubtless led to keep his engagement private quite as much by the advantage which privacy gave him in the influence he could use to turn business into Ballantyne's hands. It is possible that if the Ballantynes had been better business men and cooler-headed, — for James Ballantyne's brother John shortly set up as a publisher, and after that the affairs of author, printer, and publisher became inextricably interdependent, — the venture might not have turned out ill; but all the men engaged were of a speculative turn of mind, and Scott's marvel-

lous fecundity and versatility seemed to promise an inexhaustible spring from which the currents of manufacture and trade would flow clearly and steadily. All sorts of enterprises were projected and carried out, beyond and beside Scott's creative work. Editions of standard works, magazines, collections of poetry, rushed forth, and capital was shortly locked up, so that an early bankruptcy would have been inevitable, except for the sudden discovery of a new source of wealth. This lay in the invention of the Waverley Novels, at first anonymous, which swept the reading world like a freshet swelling into a flood and seeming for a while to be almost a new force in Nature. The Waverley Novels for a while saved this mad combination of author, printer, and publisher from going to pieces, and there might possibly have been no catastrophe had not a new element come into action.

Scott, when he formed the partnership with James Ballantyne, took the money which he contributed from a fund with which he had intended buying Broadmeadows, a small estate on the northern bank of the Yarrow. He abandoned at the time this design, but the strong passion which could not fail to possess a man with Scott's deep love of the soil, and his imagination ever busy with historic traditions, still held him; and when the opportunity came, with the rising tide of his own fortunes, to buy a farm a few miles from Ashestiel, he seized it with alacrity. Nor was his venture an unwise one. He was tenant at will at Ashestiel, and had the natural desire of a man with a growing family to establish himself in a permanent home. 'The farm,' says Lockhart, 'consisted of a rich meadow or haugh along the banks of the river, and about a hundred acres of undulated ground behind, all in a neglected state, undrained, wretchedly enclosed, much of it covered with nothing better than the native heath. The farmhouse itself was small and poor, with a common kail-yard on one flank, and a staring barn on the other, while in front appeared a filthy pond covered with ducks and duckweed, from which the whole tenement had derived the unharmonious designation of *Clarty Hole*. But the Tweed was

everything to him — a beautiful river, flowing broad and bright over a bed of milk-white pebbles, unless here and there where it darkened into a deep pool, overhung as yet only by the birches and alders which had survived the statelier growth of the primitive forest; and the first hour that he took possession he claimed for his farm the name of the adjoining *ford*, situated just above the influx of the classical tributary Gala. As might be guessed from the name of Abbotsford, these lands had all belonged of old to the great Abbey of Melrose.'

Abbotsford was in the heart of a country already dear to Scott by reason of its teeming historic memories, and here he began and continued through his working days to enrich a creation which was the embodiment in stone and wood and forest and field of the imagination which at the same time was finding vent in poem and novel and history and essay. The characteristics of the estate which he thus formed were the characteristics of his work as an author also. There is the free nature, the trees planted with a fine sense of landscape effect; there is the reproduction in miniature of the life of a bygone age, and there is the suggestion of the stage with its pasteboard properties, its structures all front, and its men and women acting a part.

Ruskin has said with penetrating criticism: 'Scott's work is always epic, and it is contrary to his very nature to treat any subject dramatically.' In explication of this dictum, Ruskin defines dramatic poetry as 'the expression by the poet of other people's feelings, his own not being told,' and epic poetry as an 'account given by the poet of other people's external circumstances, and of events happening to them, with only such expression either of their feelings, or his own, as he thinks may be conveniently added.' We must not confound the dramatic with the theatrical. To Scott, who never wrote a successful play, his figures were nevertheless quite distinctly theatrical. That is to say, he placed them before his readers not only vividly, but with the make-up which would bring into conspicuous light rather the outward show than the inward reality. Not that his persons had not clearly conceived characters, and not that he

merely missed the modern analytic presentation, but his persons interested him chiefly by their doing things, and these things were the incidents and accidents of life rather than the inevitable consequences of their nature, the irresistible effects of causes lying deep in their constitution. Hence the delight which he takes in battle and adventure of all sorts, and the emphasis which he lays upon the common, elemental qualities of human nature, male and female, rather than upon the individual and eccentric. There is no destiny in his poems or novels, no inevitable drawing to a climax of forces which are moving beyond the power of restraint which the author may in his own mind exercise.

It is not to be wondered at that Scott, breathing the fresh air of the ballads of the Border, should make his first leap into the saddle of verse and ride heartily down his short, bounding lines. It is quite as natural that, as his material grew more and more historical in its character, and greater complexities crept in, he should find the narrative of verse too simple, and should resort to the greater range and diversity of prose; and that once having found his power in novel-writing, he should have abandoned poetry as a vehicle for epic narrative, contenting himself thenceforth with lyric snatches, and with brief flights of verse. Moreover, in poetry, though he had a delighted audience, and never has failed since to draw a large following entirely satisfied with his form, he shared at the time the throne with that mightier, more dramatic artist, Byron, and knew also that men were beginning to turn their eyes toward Wordsworth and Coleridge. But in fiction he held quite undisputed sway. The fashion in fiction changes, perhaps, more quickly than in poetry; its representation of the manner of the day, even when it is consciously antiquarian and historic, renders it largely dependent on contemporaneous interest. In Scott's day, Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson were read more because they had not been supplanted than because they appealed strongly to the reader of the time. A more genuine attention was given to Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, Mackenzie, and Galt. But these became at once minor writers when Scott took the field, and he

called into existence a great multitude of readers of fiction, establishing thereby a habit of novel-reading which was of the greatest service to the later novelists, like Dickens and Thackeray, when they came in with newer appeal to the changing taste of a newer generation.

To all these considerations must be added the incessant demands made upon Scott's brain by the need of keeping on its base the commercial house of cards which he had helped to build and in which he was living, and of carrying farther and farther into reality the dream of a baronial estate which was Rokeby done in plaster. Thus the years went by, full of active occupation, with brilliant pageant, indeed, and with social excitement. It is a pleasure, in the midst of it all, to see the real Scott, Sir Walter to the world of display but the genuine master to Tom Purdie and Will Laidlaw, to note the wholesome pride of the firm-footed treader on his own acres, the generous care of others, the absence of cant, religious or social. And when the supreme test came, the test of overwhelming misfortune, the genuineness of this great nature was made plain in the high courage with which he set about the task of paying his creditors, in the toil of year after year, and in those moving passages in his diary when he sat in his loneliness and looked fortune in the face. Listen to the entry in his diary under date December 18, 1825: —

'Ballantyne called on me this morning. *Venit illa suprema dies.* My extremity is come. Cadell has received letters from London which all but positively announce the failure of Hurst and Robinson, so that Constable & Co. must follow, and I must go with poor James Ballantyne for company. I suppose it will involve my all. But if they leave me £500, I can still make it £1000 or £1200 a year. And if they take my salaries of £1300 and £300, they cannot but give me something out of them. I have been rash in anticipating funds to buy land, but then I made from £5000 to £10,000 a year, and land was my temptation. I think nobody can lose a penny — that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their

own pride in thinking that my fall makes them higher, or seems so, at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and that some, at least, will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. The news will make sad hearts at Darwick, and in the cottages at Abbotsford, which I do not nourish the least hope of preserving. It has been my Delilah, and so I have often termed it; and now the recollection of the extensive woods I planted, and the walks I have formed, from which strangers must derive both the pleasure and the profit, will excite feelings likely to sober my gayest moments. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? My children are provided; thank God for that. I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish — but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters; there may be yet those who loving me may love my dog because it has been mine. I must end this, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress.

'I find my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere — this is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things are. Poor Will Laidlaw! poor Tom Purdie! this will be news to wring your heart, and many a poor fellow's besides to whom my prosperity was daily bread. . . . For myself the magic wand of the Unknown is shivered in his grasp. He must henceforth be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy is over with the feeling of independence. I can no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in my mind, haste to commit them to paper, and count them monthly, as the means of planting such groves, and purchasing such wastes; replacing my dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by —

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves.

This cannot be; but I may work substantial husbandry, work history, and such concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm. . . . To save Abbotsford I would attempt all that was possible. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me, and the pain of leaving it is greater than I can tell.'

Here we close our study of Scott's career. Thenceforth his energy was devoted to a painful clearing-away of the ruins of his fortune. With patience and with many gleams of his sunny temperament, he laboured on. In the end the debts were settled, Abbotsford was saved to his family, and there on the 21st of September, 1832, Scott died. 'It was a beautiful day,' says Lockhart, 'so warm, that every window was wide open — and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.'

H. E. S.

TWO BALLADS FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER

WILLIAM AND HELEN

IMITATED FROM THE 'LENORÉ' OF BÜRGER

THE Author had resolved to omit the following version of a well-known Poem, in any collection which he might make of his poetical trifles. But the publishers having pleaded for its admission, the Author has consented, though not unaware of the disadvantage at which this youthful essay (for it was written in 1795) must appear with those which have been executed by much more able hands, in particular that of Mr. Taylor of Norwich, and that of Mr. Spencer.

The following Translation was written long before the Author saw any other, and originated in the following circumstances: — A lady of high rank in the literary world read this romantic tale, as translated by Mr. Taylor, in the house of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh. The Author was not present, nor indeed in Edinburgh at the time; but a gentleman who had the pleasure of hearing the ballad, afterwards told him the story, and repeated the remarkable chorus —

> Tramp! tramp! across the land they speede,
> Splash! splash! across the sea;
> Hurrah! The dead can ride apace!
> Dost fear to ride with me?

In attempting a translation then intended only to circulate among friends, the present Author did not hesitate to make use of this impressive stanza; for which freedom he has since obtained the forgiveness of the ingenious gentleman to whom it properly belongs.

FROM heavy dreams fair Helen rose,
And eyed the dawning red:
'Alas, my love, thou tarriest long!
O art thou false or dead?'

With gallant Frederick's princely power
He sought the bold Crusade,
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

With Paynim and with Saracen
At length a truce was made,
And every knight returned to dry
The tears his love had shed.

Our gallant host was homeward bound
With many a song of joy;
Green waved the laurel in each plume,
The badge of victory.

And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts and mirth and melody,
The debt of love to pay.

Full many a maid her true-love met,
And sobbed in his embrace,
And fluttering joy in tears and smiles
Arrayed full many a face.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad,
She sought the host in vain;

Sir Walter Scott at 47

For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless or if slain.

The martial band is past and gone;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair.

'O, rise, my child,' her mother said,
'Nor sorrow thus in vain;
A perjured lover's fleeting heart
No tears recall again.'

'O mother, what is gone is gone,
What's lost forever lorn:
Death, death alone can comfort me;
O had I ne'er been born!

'O, break, my heart, O, break at once!
Drink my life-blood, Despair!
No joy remains on earth for me,
For me in heaven no share.'

'O, enter not in judgment, Lord!'
The pious mother prays;
'Impute not guilt to thy frail child!
She knows not what she says.

'O, say thy pater-noster, child!
O, turn to God and grace!
His will, that turned thy bliss to bale,
Can change thy bale to bliss.'

'O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
My William's love was heaven on earth,
Without it earth is hell.

'Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,
Since my loved William's slain?
I only prayed for William's sake,
And all my prayers were vain.'

'O, take the sacrament, my child,
And check these tears that flow;
By resignation's humble prayer,
O, hallowed be thy woe!'

'No sacrament can quench this fire,
Or slake this scorching pain;
No sacrament can bid the dead
Arise and live again.

'O, break, my heart, O, break at once!
Be thou my god, Despair!

Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me,
And vain each fruitless prayer.'

'O, enter not in judgment, Lord,
With thy frail child of clay!
She knows not what her tongue has spoke;
Impute it not, I pray!

'Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,
And turn to God and grace;
Well can devotion's heavenly glow
Convert thy bale to bliss.'

'O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell?'

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,
Upbraids each sacred power,
Till, spent, she sought her silent room,
All in the lonely tower.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,
Till sun and day were o'er,
And through the glimmering lattice shone
The twinkling of the star.

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge fell
That o'er the moat was hung;
And, clatter! clatter! on its boards
The hoof of courser rung.

The clank of echoing steel was heard
As off the rider bounded;
And slowly on the winding stair
A heavy footstep sounded.

And hark! and hark! a knock — tap! tap!
A rustling stifled noise; —
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring; —
At length a whispering voice.

'Awake, awake, arise, my love!
How, Helen, dost thou fare?
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st thou, or weep'st?
Hast thought on me, my fair?'

'My love! my love! — so late by night! —
I waked, I wept for thee:
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;
Where, William, couldst thou be?'

'We saddle late — from Hungary
I rode since darkness fell;

And to its bourne we both return
Before the matin-bell.'

'O, rest this night within my arms,
And warm thee in their fold!
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind: —
My love is deadly cold.'

'Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush!
This night we must away;
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;
I cannot stay till day.

'Busk, busk, and boune! Thou mount'st behind
Upon my black barb steed:
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,
We haste to bridal bed.'

'To-night — to-night a hundred miles! —
O dearest William, stay!
The bell strikes twelve — dark, dismal hour!
O, wait, my love, till day!'

'Look here, look here — the moon shines clear —
Full fast I ween we ride;
Mount and away! for ere the day
We reach our bridal bed.

'The black barb snorts, the bridle rings;
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee!
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee.'

Strong love prevailed: she busks, she bounes,
She mounts the barb behind,
And round her darling William's waist
Her lily arms she twined.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,
As fast as fast might be;
Spurned from the courser's thundering heels
The flashing pebbles flee.

And on the right and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view,
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,
And cot and castle flew.

'Sit fast — dost fear? — The moon shines clear —
Fleet goes my barb — keep hold!
Fear'st thou?' — 'O no!' she faintly said;
'But why so stern and cold?

'What yonder rings? what yonder sings?
Why shrieks the owlet grey?'

''T is death-bells' clang, 't is funeral song,
The body to the clay.

'With song and clang at morrow's dawn
Ye may inter the dead:
To-night I ride with my young bride
To deck our bridal bed.

'Come with thy choir, thou coffined guest,
To swell our nuptial song!
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!
Come all, come all along!'

Ceased clang and song; down sunk the bier;
The shrouded corpse arose:
And hurry! hurry! all the train
The thundering steed pursues.

And forward! forward! on they go;
High snorts the straining steed;
Thick pants the rider's labouring breath,
As headlong on they speed.

'O William, why this savage haste?
And where thy bridal bed?'
''T is distant far, low, damp, and chill,
And narrow, trustless maid.'

'No room for me?' — 'Enough for both; —
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!'
O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge,
He drove the furious horse.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and bower!
On right and left fled past how fast
Each city, town, and tower!

'Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
Dost fear to ride with me? —
Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!' —
'O William, let them be! —

'See there, see there! What yonder swings
And creaks mid whistling rain?' —
'Gibbet and steel, the accursed wheel;
A murderer in his chain. —

'Hollo! thou felon, follow here:
To bridal bed we ride;

And thou shalt prance a fetter dance
Before me and my bride.'

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash!
The wasted form descends;
And fleet as wind through hazel bush
The wild career attends.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

How fled what moonshine faintly showed!
How fled what darkness hid!
How fled the earth beneath their feet,
The heaven above their head!

'Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
And well the dead can ride;
Dost faithful Helen fear for them?' —
'O leave in peace the dead!' —

'Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the cock;
The sand will soon be run:
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air;
The race is well-nigh done.'

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

'Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead;
The bride, the bride is come;
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
For, Helen, here's my home.'

Reluctant on its rusty hinge
Revolved an iron door,
And by the pale moon's setting beam
Were seen a church and tower.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round
The birds of midnight scared;
And rustling like autumnal leaves
Unhallowed ghosts were heard.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale
He spurred the fiery horse,
Till sudden at an open grave
He checked the wondrous course.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,
Down drops the casque of steel,

The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,
The spur his gory heel.

The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mouldering flesh the bone,
Till Helen's lily arms entwine
A ghastly skeleton.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam,
And with a fearful bound
Dissolves at once in empty air,
And leaves her on the ground.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,
Pale spectres flit along,
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,
And howl the funeral song;

'E'en when the heart's with anguish cleft
Revere the doom of Heaven,
Her soul is from her body reft;
Her spirit be forgiven!'

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

THIS is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the *Wilde Jäger* of the German poet Bürger. The tradition upon which it is founded bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Faulkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants, who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many various uncouth sounds heard in the depth of a German forest, during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds; and the well-known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horses' feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen, are also distinctly discriminated; but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible. Once, as a benighted *Chasseur* heard this infernal chase pass by him, at the sound of the halloo, with which the Spectre Huntsman cheered his hounds, he could not refrain from crying, '*Gluck zu, Falkenburgh!*' [Good sport to ye, Falkenburgh!] 'Dost thou wish me good sport?' answered a hoarse voice; 'thou shalt share the game'; and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring *Chasseur* lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aerial hunter, who infested the forest of Fontainebleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in *Sully's Memoirs*, who says he was called *Le Grand*

Veneur. At one time he chose to hunt so near the palace, that the attendants, and, if I mistake not, Sully himself, came out into the court, supposing it was the sound of the king returning from the chase. This phantom is elsewhere called St. Hubert.

The superstition seems to have been very general, as appears from the following fine poetical description of this phantom chase, as it was heard in the wilds of Ross-shire.

'Ere since, of old, the haughty thanes of Ross, —
So to the simple swain tradition tells, —
Were wont with clans, and ready vassals throng'd,
To wake the bounding stag or guilty wolf,
There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns, hoarse winded, blowing far and keen: —
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs; the shouts of men,
And hoofs, thick beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast, he eyes
The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns,
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.'

Albania — reprinted in *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, pp. 167, 168.

A posthumous miracle of Father Lesley, a Scottish capuchin, related to his being buried on a hill haunted by these unearthly cries of hounds and huntsmen. After his sainted relics had been deposited there, the noise was never heard more. The reader will find this, and other miracles, recorded in the life of Father Bonaventura, which is written in the choicest Italian.

The Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack from couples freed
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound and horn and steed
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had tolled;

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left from eye of tawny glare
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, 'Welcome, welcome, noble lord!

What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?'

'Cease thy loud bugle's changing knell,'
Cried the fair youth with silver voice;
'And for devotion's choral swell
Exchange the rude unhallowed noise.

'To-day the ill-omened chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain.'

'Away, and sweep the glades along!'
The sable hunter hoarse replies;
'To muttering monks leave matin-song,
And bells and books and mysteries.'

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,[1]
'Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

'Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray: —
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-browed friend;
Halloo, halloo! and hark away!'

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

The Wildgrave spurred his courser light,
  O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left and on the right,
  Each stranger horseman followed still.

Up springs from yonder tangled thorn
  A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
  'Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!'

A heedless wretch has crossed the way;
  He gasps the thundering hoofs below; —
But live who can, or die who may,
  Still, 'Forward, forward!' on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
  A field with autumn's blessings crowned;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
  A husbandman with toil embrowned:

'O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
  Spare the poor's pittance,' was his cry,
'Earned by the sweat these brows have poured
  In scorching hour of fierce July.'

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
  The left still cheering to the prey;

The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

'Away, thou hound so basely born,
Or dead the scourge's echoing blow!'
Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,
'Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!'

So said, so done: — A single bound
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale;
Wild follows man and horse and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused the timorous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appeared;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall:
'O spare, thou noble baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!'

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

'Unmannered dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits of thy sort
Were tenants of these carrion kine!'

Again he winds his bugle-horn,
'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!'
And through the herd in ruthless scorn
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;

The murderous cries the stag appall, —
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks amid the forest's gloom
The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With, 'Hark away! and, holla, ho!'

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit poured his prayer;
'Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
Revere His altar and forbear!

'The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wronged by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head: —
Be warned at length and turn aside.'

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads;
The black, wild whooping, points the prey: —
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

'Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar and its rites I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
Not God himself shall make me turn!'

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!'
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamour of the chase, was gone;
For hoofs and howls and bugle-sound,
A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds,
No distant baying reached his ears;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark as the darkness of the grave;

And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;
And from a cloud of swarthy red
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

'Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirits' hardened tool!
Scorner of God! Scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

'Be chased forever through the wood,
Forever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is His child.'

'T was hushed: — One flash of sombre glare
With yellow tinged the forests brown;
Uprose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing,
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call; — her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mixed with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound and horse and horn,
And, 'Hark away, and holla, ho!'

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng,
With bloody fangs and eager cry;
In frantic fear he scours along. —

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day they scour earth's caverned space,
At midnight's witching hour ascend.

This is the horn and hound and horse
That oft the lated peasant hears;

Appalled he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When at his midnight mass he hears
The infernal cry of 'Holla, ho!'

EARLY BALLADS AND LYRICS

A TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL

1782

In awful ruins Ætna thunders nigh,
And sends in pitchy whirlwinds to the sky
Black clouds of smoke, which still as they aspire,
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing fire;
At other times huge balls of fire are tossed,
That lick the stars, and in the smoke are lost;
Sometimes the mount, with vast convulsions torn,
Emits huge rocks, which instantly are borne
With loud explosions to the starry skies,
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies,
Then back again with greater weight recoils,
While Ætna thundering from the bottom boils.

ON A THUNDER-STORM

1783

Loud o'er my head though awful thunders roll,
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Yet 't is thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,
Thy arm directs those lightnings through the sky.
Then let the good thy mighty name revere,
And hardened sinners thy just vengeance fear.

ON THE SETTING SUN

1783

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
  Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing called man,
Whose life 's comprised within a span,
  To Him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
  And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
  Who tinged these clouds with gold.

THE VIOLET

1797

THE violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen or copse or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dewdrop's weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry
Ere yet the day be past its morrow,
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

TO A LADY

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL

1797

TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,
On the ruined rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there;
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

THE ERL-KING

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE

1797

O, WHO rides by night thro' the woodland so wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
To hold himself fast and to keep himself warm.

'O father, see yonder! see yonder!' he says;
'My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?' —
'O, 't is the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud.' —
'No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud.'

THE ERL-KING SPEAKS

'O, come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy.'

'O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?' —
'Be still, my heart's darling — my child, be at ease;
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees.'

THE ERL-KING

ERL-KING

'O, wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,
And press thee and kiss thee and sing to my child.'

'O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past through the rain?' —
'O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the grey willow that danced to the moon.'

ERL-KING

'O, come and go with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away.' —
'O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,
The Erl-King has seized me — his grasp is so cold!'

Sore trembled the father; he spurred thro' the wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
But, clasped to his bosom, the infant was *dead!*

WAR-SONG

OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS

1798

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned;
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravished toys though Romans mourn;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

Oh! had they marked the avenging call [1]
Their brethren's murder gave,

[1] See Note 1.

Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Should we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-colour,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

WAR–SONG

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle call;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*
March forward, one and all!

•

SONG

FROM GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN

It was a little naughty page,
Ha! ha!
Would catch a bird was closed in cage.
Sa! sa!
Ha! ha!
Sa! sa!
He seized the cage, the latch did draw,
Ha! ha!
And in he thrust his knavish paw.
Sa! sa!
Ha! ha!
Sa! sa!
The bird dashed out, and gained the thorn,
Ha! ha!
And laughed the silly fool to scorn!
Sa! sa!
Ha! ha!
Sa! sa!

SONGS

FROM THE HOUSE OF ASPEN

I

Joy to the victors, the sons of old Aspen!
Joy to the race of the battle and scar!
Glory's proud garland triumphantly grasping,
Generous in peace, and victorious in war.
Honour acquiring,
Valour inspiring,
Bursting, resistless, through foemen they go;
War-axes wielding,
Broken ranks yielding,
Till from the battle proud Roderic retiring,
Yields in wild rout the fair palm to his foe.

Joy to each warrior, true follower of Aspen!
Joy to the heroes that gained the bold day!
Health to our wounded, in agony gasping;
Peace to our brethren that fell in the fray!
Boldly this morning,
Roderic's power scorning,
Well for their chieftain their blades did they wield:
Joy blest them dying,
As Maltingen flying,
Low laid his banners, our conquest adorning,
Their death-clouded eye-balls descried on the field!

Now to our home, the proud mansion of Aspen
Bend we, gay victors, triumphant away.
There each fond damsel, her gallant youth clasping,
Shall wipe from his forehead the stains of the fray.
Listening the prancing
Of horses advancing;
E'en now on the turrets our maidens appear.
Love our hearts warming,
Songs the night charming,
Round goes the grape in the goblet gay dancing;
Love, wine, and song, our blithe evening shall cheer!

II

Sweet shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
Weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
As a fair maiden, bewildered in sorrow,
Sighed to the breezes and wept to the flood.—
'Saints, from the mansion of bliss lowly bending,
Virgin, that hear'st the poor suppliant's cry,
Grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Frederick restore, or let Eleanor die.'

Distant and faint were the sounds of the battle;
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour came loading the gale.

Breathless she gazed through the woodland so dreary,
Slowly approaching, a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide marked his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

'Save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying;
Save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low;
Cold on yon heath thy bold Frederick is lying,
Fast through the woodland approaches the foe.'

III

RHEIN-WEIN LIED

What makes the troopers' frozen courage muster?
The grapes of juice divine.
Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster:
Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Let fringe and furs, and many a rabbit skin, sirs,
Bedeck your Saracen;
He'll freeze without what warms our heart within, sirs,
When the night-frost crusts the fen.

But on the Rhine, but on the Rhine they cluster,
The grapes of juice divine,
That makes our troopers' frozen courage muster:
Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

GLENFINLAS;

OR

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH

1799

For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless oft, like moody madness stare,
To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare.

COLLINS.

THE simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy* (a hut, built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the siren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the Forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and

Benvoirlich are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The River Teith passes Callender and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in the *Tales of Wonder.*

'O HONE a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!'

O! sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never feared a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell
How on the Teith's resounding shore
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills in festal day
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree,[1]
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee!

[1] See Note 2.

Cheered by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O, ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'T was Moy; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,[1]
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 't is said, in mystic mood
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O, so it fell that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,

[1] See Note 3.

The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scoured the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard the Highland sword.

Three summer days through brake and dell
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still when dewy evening fell
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In gray Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steeped heathy bank and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut in social guise
Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

'What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath and melting eye?

'To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

'Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropped the tear and heaved the sigh:
But vain the lover's wily art
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

'But thou mayst teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

'Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,

Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes 'twixt tear and smile.

'Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good Saint Oran's rule prevail,[1]
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?'

'Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss or melting eyes.

'E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

'The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe
To dash each glimpse of joy was given —
The gift the future ill to know.

'The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gayly part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dashed and torn
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

[1] See Note 4.

'Thy Fergus too — thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st with pride the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

'Thou only saw'st their tartans wave
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

'I heard the groans, I marked the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He poured his clan's resistless roar.

'And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court like thee the wanton kiss —
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

'I see the death-damps chill thy brow:
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance — they 're gone, and now —
No more is given to gifted eye!'

'Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!

Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

'Or false or sooth thy words of woe,
Clangillian's Chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doomed to stain the Saxon spear.

'E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew.'
He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But called his dogs and gay withdrew.

Within an hour returned each hound,
In rushed the rousers of the deer;
They howled in melancholy sound.
Then closely couched beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet, though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl,
Close pressed to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs and stifled growl.

Untouched the harp began to ring
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string
As light a footstep pressed the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light
Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seemed,
Chilled was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
'O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green:

'With her a chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?' —

'And who art thou? and who are they?'
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:

'And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?'

'Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

'To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met while wandering here
The son of great Macgillianore.

'O, aid me then to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
Alone I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.'

'Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
Then first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep.'

'O, first, for pity's gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father's towers ere day.'

'First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy rede;
So shall we safely wend our way.'

'O, shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

'Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre
To wanton Morna's melting eye.'

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came
As fear and rage alternate rose.

'And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resigned,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sailed ye on the midnight wind?

'Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;

Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood —
  Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.'

He muttered thrice Saint Oran's rhyme,
  And thrice Saint Fillan's powerful prayer; [1]
Then turned him to the eastern clime,
  And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
  His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud and high and strange they rung,
  As many a magic change they find.

Tall waxed the Spirit's altering form,
  Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
  With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
  The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
  Was waved by wind or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
  Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail
  And die amid the northern skies.

[1] See Note 5.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And spattering foul a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropped from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strained an half-drawn blade:
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head in battling field
Streamed the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we — behind the chieftain's shield
No more shall we in safety dwell;

None leads the people to the field —
  And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
  The pride of Albin's line is o'er!
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
  We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

1799

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,[1]
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch
His bannèr broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The baron returned in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor[2]
Ran red with English blood;

[1] See Note 6. [2] See Note 7.

Where the Douglas true and the bold Buccleuch
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed.
His action pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued, —
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

'Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

'Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?'

'My lady, each night, sought the lonely light
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For from height to height the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

'The bittern clamoured from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

'I watched her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone; —
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burnèd all alone.

'The second night I kept her in sight
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might! an armed knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

'And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

'The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watched the secret pair
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

'And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;

And say, "Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold baron's leave.

"'He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo to her knight so true
On the eve of good Saint John."

"'I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of Saint John I must wander alone:
In thy bower I may not be."

"'Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"'And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strewed on the stair;
So, by the black rood-stone[1] and by holy Saint John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!"

"'Though the blood-hound be mute and the rush beneath my foot,

[1] The black rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble, and of superior sanctity.

And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know."

"'O, fear not the priest who sleepeth to the east,
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne."

'He turned him around and grimly he frowned;
Then he laughed right scornfully —
"He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight
May as well say mass for me:

"'At the lone midnight hour when bad spirits have power
In thy chamber will I be." —
With that he was gone and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see.'

Then changed, I trow, was that bold baron's brow
From the dark to the blood-red high;
'Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!'

'His arms shone full bright in the beacon's red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;

On his shield was a hound in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew.'

'Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree.'[1]

'Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame.'

The bold baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale —
'The grave is deep and dark — and the corpse is stiff and stark —
So I may not trust thy tale.

'Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago by some secret foe
That gay gallant was slain.

'The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drowned the name;

[1] See Note 8.

For the Dryburgh bells ring and the white monks do sing
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!'

He passed the court-gate and he oped the tower-gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair
To the bartizan-seat where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Looked over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

'Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!'
'Now hail, thou baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?'

'The Ancram moor is red with gore,
For many a Southern fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us evermore
To watch our beacons well.'

The lady blushed red, but nothing she said:
Nor added the baron a word:
Then she stepped down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourned, and the baron tossed
and turned,
And oft to himself he said, —
'The worms around him creep, and his bloody
grave is deep —
It cannot give up the dead!'

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well-nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that baron fell,
On the eve of good Saint John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there —
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

'Alas! away, away!' she cried,
'For the holy Virgin's sake!'
'Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

'By Eildon-tree for long nights three
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

'By the baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height
For a space is doomed to dwell.

'At our trysting-place, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower
Hadst thou not conjured me so.'

Love mastered fear — her brow she crossed;
'How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved or art thou lost?'
The vision shook his head!

'Who spilleth life shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive.'

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand;
The lady shrunk and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four
Remains on that board impressed;

And forevermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower
He speaketh word to none.

That nun who ne'er beholds the day,[1]
That monk who speaks to none —
That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,
That monk the bold baron.

[1] See Note 9.

THE GREY BROTHER[1]

1799

THE Pope he was saying the high, high mass
All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given by the saints in heaven
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneeled around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kissed the holy ground.

And all among the crowded throng
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While through vaulted roof and aisles aloof
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quivered for fear,
And faltered in the sound —
And when he would the chalice rear
He dropped it to the ground.

'The breath of one of evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day;[2]
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

[1] See Note 10.

[2] See Note 11.

'A being whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring,
A wretch at whose approach abhorred
Recoils each holy thing.

'Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!'

Amid them all a pilgrim kneeled
In gown of sackcloth grey;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear
I ween he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seemed none more bent to pray;
But when the Holy Father spoke
He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land
His weary course he drew,

Roslin Castle from the Glen

To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat
Mid Eske's fair woods regain;
Through woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee;
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country still
In battle he had stood,
Ay, even when on the banks of Till
Her noblest poured their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the telltale ray;

From that fair dome where suit is paid
By blast of bugle free,[1]
To Auchendinny's hazel glade[2]
And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden?[3]

Yet never a path from day to day
The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruined grange.

A woful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While on Carnethy's head
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streaked the grey with red,

And the convent bell did vespers tell
Newbattle's oaks among,

[1] See Note 12. [2] See Note 13. [3] See Note 14.

And mingled with the solemn knell
  Our Ladye's evening song;

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
  Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
  As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
  Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place
  Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
  With many a bitter groan —
And there was aware of a Grey Friar
  Resting him on a stone.

'Now, Christ thee save!' said the Grey Brother;
  'Some pilgrim thou seemest to be.'
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
  Nor answer again made he.

'O, come ye from east or come ye from west,
  Or bring reliques from over the sea;
Or come ye from the shrine of Saint James the divine,
  Or Saint John of Beverley?'

'I come not from the shrine of Saint James the divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea;
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
Which forever will cling to me.'

'Now, woful pilgrim, say not so!
But kneel thee down to me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin
That absolved thou mayst be.'

'And who art thou, thou Grey Brother,
That I should shrive to thee,
When He to whom are given the keys of earth and heaven
Has no power to pardon me?'

'O, I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done *here* 'twixt night and day.'

The pilgrim kneeled him on the sand,
And thus began his saye —
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Grey Brother laye.

. . . . . .

THE FIRE-KING [1]

The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him. — *Eastern Tale.*

Bold knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
Of love and of war and of wonder to hear;
And you haply may sigh in the midst of your glee
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

O, see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat and the staff in his hand? —

'Now, palmer, grey palmer, O, tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie?
And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?'

'O, well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,
For Gilead and Nablous and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the heathen have lost and the Christians have won.'

A fair chain of gold mid her ringlets there hung;
O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she flung:

[1] See Note 15.

'O palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.

'And, palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,
O, saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back and the Red-cross rushed on,
O, saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?'

'O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;
Your castle stands strong and your hopes soar on high,
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

'The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorched walls:
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon.'

O, she's ta'en a horse should be fleet at her speed;
And she's ta'en a sword should be sharp at her need;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith or his knighthood had he:
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

'O Christian, brave Christian, my love wouldst thou be,
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee:
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take;
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

'And next, in the cavern where burns evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,
Alone and in silence three nights shalt thou wake;
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

'And last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,
When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake.'

He has thrown by his helmet and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watched until daybreak, but sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the Princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmured the priests as on Albert they gazed;

They searched all his garments, and under his weeds
They found and took from him his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground,
He watched the lone night, while the winds whistled
round;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burned unmoved and naught else did he spy.

Loud murmured the priests and amazed was the king,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;
They searched Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast
Was the sign of the Cross by his father impressed.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant returned to the cavern again;
But as he descended a whisper there fell:
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered and beat,
And he turned him five steps, half resolved to retreat;
But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold scarce trode
When the winds from the four points of heaven were
abroad,

They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And borne on the blast came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rocked the cavern whene'er he drew nigh,
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguished in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm;
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.

In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmered through
smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke:
'With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long and no
more,
Till thou bend to the Cross and the Virgin adore.'

The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon; and see!
The recreant receives the charmed gift on his knee:
The thunders growl distant and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires.

Count Albert has armed him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong;

And the Red-cross waxed faint and the Crescent came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Galilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave;
Till the Knights of the Temple and Knights of Saint
John,
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clattered, the trumpets replied,
The lances were couched, and they closed on each side;
And horseman and horses Count Albert o'erthrew,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charmed blade which Count Albert did
wield,
The fence had been vain of the king's Red-cross shield;
But a page thrust him forward the monarch before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint that Count Albert stooped low
Before the crossed shield to his steel saddlebow;
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head, —
'*Bonne Grace, Notre Dame!*' he unwittingly said.

Sore sighed the charmed sword, for its virtue was o'er,
It sprung from his grasp and was never seen more;

But true men have said that the lightning's red wing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clenched his set teeth and his gauntleted hand;
He stretched with one buffet that page on the strand;
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled,
You might see the blue eyes and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eyeballs and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crossleted shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead
From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain. —
O, who is yon Paynim lies stretched mid the slain?
And who is yon page lying cold at his knee? —
O, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie?

The lady was buried in Salem's blest bound,
The count he was left to the vulture and hound:

Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel in harping can tell
How the Red-cross it conquered, the Crescent it fell:
And lords and gay ladies have sighed mid their glee
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

BOTHWELL CASTLE

A FRAGMENT

1799

When fruitful Clydesdale's apple-bowers
Are mellowing in the noon;
When sighs round Pembroke's ruined towers
The sultry breath of June;

When Clyde, despite his sheltering wood,
Must leave his channel dry,
And vainly o'er the limpid flood
The angler guides his fly;

If chance by Bothwell's lovely braes
A wanderer thou hast been,
Or hid thee from the summer's blaze
In Blantyre's bowers of green,

Full where the copsewood opens wild
Thy pilgrim step hath staid,
Where Bothwell's towers in ruin piled
O'erlook the verdant glade;

And many a tale of love and fear
Hath mingled with the scene —
Of Bothwell's banks that bloomed so dear,
And Bothwell's bonny Jean.

BOTHWELL CASTLE

O, if with rugged minstrel lays
  Unsated be thy ear,
And thou of deeds of other days
  Another tale wilt hear, —

Then all beneath the spreading beech,
  Flung careless on the lea,
The Gothic muse the tale shall teach
  Of Bothwell's sisters three.

Wight Wallace stood on Deckmont head,
  He blew his bugle round,
Till the wild bull in Cadyow wood
  Has started at the sound.

Saint George's cross, o'er Bothwell hung,
  Was waving far and wide,
And from the lofty turret flung
  Its crimson blaze on Clyde;

And rising at the bugle blast
  That marked the Scottish foe,
Old England's yeomen mustered fast,
  And bent the Norman bow.

Tall in the midst Sir Aylmer rose,
  Proud Pembroke's Earl was he —
While — . . . . . .

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE

A FRAGMENT

1799

. . . . . .

And ne'er but once, my son, he says,
Was yon sad cavern trod,
In persecution's iron days
When the land was left by God.

From Bewlie bog with slaughter red
A wanderer hither drew,
And oft he stopt and turned his head,
As by fits the night wind blew;

For trampling round by Cheviot edge
Were heard the troopers keen,
And frequent from the Whitelaw ridge
The death-shot flashed between.

The moonbeams through the misty shower
On yon dark cavern fell;
Through the cloudy night the snow gleamed white,
Which sunbeam ne'er could quell.

'Yon cavern dark is rough and rude,
And cold its jaws of snow;

But more rough and rude are the men of blood
That hunt my life below!

'Yon spell-bound den, as the aged tell,
Was hewn by demon's hands;
But I had lourd melle with the fiends of hell
Than with Clavers and his band.'

He heard the deep-mouthed bloodhound bark,
He heard the horses neigh,
He plunged him in the cavern dark,
And downward sped his way.

Now faintly down the winding path
Came the cry of the faulting hound,
And the muttered oath of balked wrath
Was lost in hollow sound.

He threw him on the flinted floor,
And held his breath for fear;
He rose and bitter cursed his foes,
As the sounds died on his ear.

'O, bare thine arm, thou battling Lord,
For Scotland's wandering band;
Dash from the oppressor's grasp the sword,
And sweep him from the land!

'Forget not thou thy people's groans
From dark Dunnotter's tower,
Mixed with the sea-fowl's shrilly moans
And ocean's bursting roar!

'O, in fell Clavers' hour of pride,
Even in his mightiest day,
As bold he strides through conquest's tide,
O, stretch him on the clay!

'His widow and his little ones,
O, may their tower of trust
Remove its strong foundation stones,
And crush them in the dust!'

'Sweet prayers to me,' a voice replied,
'Thrice welcome, guest of mine!'
And glimmering on the cavern side
A light was seen to shine.

An aged man in amice brown
Stood by the wanderer's side,
By powerful charm a dead man's arm
The torch's light supplied.

From each stiff finger stretched upright
Arose a ghastly flame,

That waved not in the blast of night
Which through the cavern came.

O, deadly blue was that taper's hue
That flamed the cavern o'er,
But more deadly blue was the ghastly hue
Of his eyes who the taper bore.

He laid on his head a hand like lead,
As heavy, pale, and cold —
'Vengeance be thine, thou guest of mine,
If thy heart be firm and bold.

'But if faint thy heart, and caitiff fear
Thy recreant sinews know,
The mountain erne thy heart shall tear,
Thy nerves the hooded crow.'

The wanderer raised him undismayed:
'My soul, by dangers steeled,
Is stubborn as my Border blade,
Which never knew to yield.

'And if thy power can speed the hour
Of vengeance on my foes,
Theirs be the fate from bridge and gate
To feed the hooded crows.'

The Brownie looked him in the face,
And his colour fled with speed —
'I fear me,' quoth he, 'uneath it will be
To match thy word and deed.

'In ancient days when English bands
Sore ravaged Scotland fair,
The sword and shield of Scottish land
Was valiant Halbert Kerr.

'A warlock loved the warrior well,
Sir Michael Scott by name,
And he sought for his sake a spell to make,
Should the Southern foemen tame.

'"Look thou," he said, "from Cessford head
As the July sun sinks low,
And when glimmering white on Cheviot's height
Thou shalt spy a wreath of snow,
The spell is complete which shall bring to thy feet
The haughty Saxon foe."

'For many a year wrought the wizard here
In Cheviot's bosom low,
Till the spell was complete and in July's heat
Appeared December's snow;
But Cessford's Halbert never came
The wondrous cause to know.

'For years before in Bowden aisle
The warrior's bones had lain,
And after short while by female guile
Sir Michael Scott was slain.

'But me and my brethren in this cell
His mighty charms retain, —
And he that can quell the powerful spell
Shall o'er broad Scotland reign.'

He led him through an iron door
And up a winding stair,
And in wild amaze did the wanderer gaze
On the sight which opened there.

Through the gloomy night flashed ruddy light,
A thousand torches glow;
The cave rose high, like the vaulted sky,
O'er stalls in double row.

In every stall of that endless hall
Stood a steed in barding bright;
At the foot of each steed, all armed save the head,
Lay stretched a stalwart knight.

In each mailed hand was a naked brand;
As they lay on the black bull's hide,

Each visage stern did upwards turn
With eyeballs fixed and wide.

A launcegay strong, full twelve ells long,
By every warrior hung;
At each pommel there for battle yare
A Jedwood axe was slung.

The casque hung near each cavalier;
The plumes waved mournfully
At every tread which the wanderer made
Through the hall of gramarye.

The ruddy beam of the torches' gleam,
That glared the warriors on,
Reflected light from armour bright,
In noontide splendour shone.

And onward seen in lustre sheen,
Still lengthening on the sight,
Through the boundless hall stood steeds in stall,
And by each lay a sable knight.

Still as the dead lay each horseman dread,
And moved nor limb nor tongue;
Each steed stood stiff as an earthfast cliff,
Nor hoof nor bridle rung.

No sounds through all the spacious hall
The deadly still divide,
Save where echoes aloof from the vaulted roof
To the wanderer's step replied.

At length before his wondering eyes,
On an iron column borne,
Of antique shape and giant size
Appeared a sword and horn.

'Now choose thee here,' quoth his leader,
'Thy venturous fortune try;
Thy woe and weal, thy boot and bale,
In yon brand and bugle lie.'

To the fatal brand he mounted his hand,
But his soul did quiver and quail;
The life-blood did start to his shuddering heart,
And left him wan and pale.

The brand he forsook, and the horn he took
To 'say a gentle sound;
But so wild a blast from the bugle brast
That the Cheviot rocked around.

From Forth to Tees, from seas to seas,
The awful bugle rung;

On Carlisle wall and Berwick withal
To arms the warders sprung.

With clank and clang the cavern rang,
The steeds did stamp and neigh;
And loud was the yell as each warrior fell
Sterte up with whoop and cry.

'Woe, woe,' they cried, 'thou caitiff coward,
That ever thou wert born!
Why drew ye not the knightly sword
Before ye blew the horn?'

The morning on the mountain shone
And on the bloody ground,
Hurled from the cave with shivered bone,
The mangled wretch was found.

And still beneath the cavern dread
Among the glidders grey,
A shapeless stone with lichens spread
Marks where the wanderer lay.

. . . . . .

CHEVIOT

A FRAGMENT

1799

. . . . . .

Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,
And pensive mark the lingering snow
  In all his scaurs abide,
And slow dissolving from the hill
In many a sightless, soundless rill,
  Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.

Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,
As wimpling to the eastern sea
  She seeks Till's sullen bed,
Indenting deep the fatal plain
Where Scotland's noblest, brave in vain,
  Around their monarch bled.

And westward hills on hills you see,
Even as old Ocean's mightiest sea
  Heaves high her waves of foam,
Dark and snow-ridged from Cutsfeld's wold
To the proud foot of Cheviot rolled,
  Earth's mountain billows come.

. . . . . .

FREDERICK AND ALICE[1]

1801

FREDERICK leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastes his steps to measure,
Careless casts the parting glance
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,
Keen to prove his untried blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruined, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone,
Mourned o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!
See, the tear of anguish flows! —
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she prayed;
Seven long days and nights are o'er:

[1] See Note 16.

Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides;
Marking blithe the morning's glance
Mantling o'er the mountains' sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly to the hills around
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,
In the steed the spur he hides;
From himself in vain he flies;
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days and seven long nights,
Wild he wandered, woe the while!
Ceaseless care and causeless fright
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends;
Rivers swell and rain-streams pour,
While the deafening thunder lends
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
Where his head shall Frederick hide?
Where, but in yon ruined aisle,
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,
Fast his steed the wanderer bound:
Down a ruined staircase slow,
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!
Glimmering lights are seen to glide! —
'Blessed Mary, hear my cry!
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!'

Often lost their quivering beam,
Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest their ghastly gleam
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mixed with peals of laughter, rose;

As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close!

Midst the din he seemed to hear
Voice of friends, by death removed; —
Well, he knew that solemn air,
'T was the lay that Alice loved. —

Hark! for now a solemn knell
Four times on the still night broke;
Four times at its deaden'd swell,
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthened clangors die,
Slowly opes the iron door!
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend;
All with black the board was spread;
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long since number'd with the dead!

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
Ghastly smiling, points a seat;
All arose with thundering sound;
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome swell; —
'Welcome, traitor, to the grave!
Perjured, bid the light farewell!'

CADYOW CASTLE[1]

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ANNE HAMILTON

1801

When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheered the hall.

But Cadyow's towers in ruins laid,
And vaults by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still of Cadyow's faded fame
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp of Border frame
On the wild banks of Evandale.

[1] See Note 17.

Cadyow Castle

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns — the present flies.

Where with the rock's wood-covered side
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagged with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'T is night — the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream;
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is checkering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower;

Steeds snort, uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls — they hurry out —
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the chief rode on; [1]
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleeter than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startled red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior-sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

[1] See Note 18.

Fierce on the hunter's quivered band
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoof and horn the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aimed well the chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan —
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the pryse!

'T is noon — against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the chieftain marked his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet missed his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

'Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?'

Stern Claud[1] replied with darkening face —
Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he —

[1] See Note 19.

'At merry feast or buxom chase
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

'Few suns have set since Woodhouselee[1]
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths in social glee
The war-worn soldier turned him home.

'There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

'O change accursed! past are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

'What sheeted phantom wanders wild
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child —
O! is it she, the pallid rose?

'The wildered traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe —
"Revenge," she cries, "on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!"'

[1] See Note 20.

He ceased — and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;[1]

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some visioned sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair? —
'T is he! 't is he! 't is Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle and reeling steed
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke — "'T is sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

'Your slaughtered quarry proudly trode
At dawning morn o'er dale and down,

[1] See Note 21.

But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

'From the wild Border's humbled side,[1]
In haughty triumph marched he,
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride
And smiled the traitorous pomp to see.

'But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

'With hackbut bent,[2] my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And marked where mingling in his band
Trooped Scottish pipes and English bows.

'Dark Morton,[3] girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clashed their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.[4]

'Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,[5]
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,[6]
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

[1] See Note 22. [2] See Note 23. [3] See Note 24.
[4] See Note 25. [5] See Note 26. [6] See Note 27.

'Mid pennoned spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.[1]

'From the raised vizor's shade his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seemed marshalling the iron throng.

'But yet his saddened brow confessed
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
"Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!"

'The death-shot parts! the charger springs;
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumy helmet rings —
Rings on the ground to rise no more.

'What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell —
Or he who broaches on his steel
The wolf by whom his infant fell!

'But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll;

[1] See Note 28.

And mine was ten times trebled joy
To hear him groan his felon soul.

'My Margaret's spectre glided near,
With pride her bleeding victim saw,
And shrieked in his death-deafened ear,
"Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!"

'Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree! [1]
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow! —
Murray is fallen and Scotland free!'

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim —
'Murray is fallen and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran, couch thy spear of flame!'

But see! the minstrel vision fails —
The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The bannered towers of Evandale.

[1] See Note 29.

For chiefs intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale!

THE REIVER'S WEDDING

A FRAGMENT

1802

O, WILL ye hear a mirthful bourd?
Or will ye hear of courtesie?
Or will ye hear how a gallant lord
Was wedded to a gay ladye?

'Ca' out the kye,' quo' the village herd,
As he stood on the knowe,
'Ca' this ane's nine and that ane's ten,
And bauld Lord William's cow.'

'Ah! by my sooth,' quoth William then,
'And stands it that way now,
When knave and churl have nine and ten,
That the lord has but his cow?

'I swear by the light of the Michaelmas moon,
And the might of Mary high,
And by the edge of my braidsword brown,
They shall soon say Harden's kye.'

He took a bugle frae his side,
With names carved o'er and o'er —

Full many a chief of meikle pride
That Border bugle bore —

He blew a note baith sharp and hie
Till rock and water ran around —
Threescore of moss-troopers and three
Have mounted at that bugle sound.

The Michaelmas moon had entered then,
And ere she wan the full
Ye might see by her light in Harden glen
A bow o' kye and a bassened bull.

And loud and loud in Harden tower
The quaigh gaed round wi' meikle glee;
For the English beef was brought in bower
And the English ale flowed merrilie.

And mony a guest from Teviotside
And Yarrow's braes was there;
Was never a lord in Scotland wide
That made more dainty fare.

They ate, they laughed, they sang and quaffed,
Till naught on board was seen,
When knight and squire were boune to dine,
But a spur of silver sheen.

THE REIVER'S WEDDING

Lord William has ta'en his berry-brown steed —
A sore shent man was he;
'Wait ye, my guests, a little speed —
Weel feasted ye shall be.'

He rode him down by Falsehope burn,
His cousin dear to see,
With him to take a riding turn —
Wat-draw-the-Sword was he.

And when he came to Falsehope glen,
Beneath the trysting-tree,[1]
On the smooth green was carved plain,
'To Lochwood bound are we.'

'O, if they be gane to dark Lochwood
To drive the Warden's gear,
Betwixt our names, I ween, there's feud;
I'll go and have my share:

'For little reck I for Johnstone's feud,
The Warden though he be.'
So Lord William is away to dark Lochwood
With riders barely three.

The Warden's daughters in Lochwood sate,
Were all both fair and gay,

[1] See Note 30.

All save the Lady Margaret,
And she was wan and wae.

The sister Jean had a full fair skin,
And Grace was bauld and braw;
But the leal-fast heart her breast within
It weel was worth them a'.

Her father's pranked her sisters twa
With meikle joy and pride;
But Margaret maun seek Dundrennan's wa' —
She ne'er can be a bride.

On spear and casque by gallants gent
Her sisters' scarfs were borne,
But never at tilt or tournament
Were Margaret's colors worn.

Her sisters rode to Thirlstane bower,
But she was left at hame
To wander round the gloomy tower,
And sigh young Harden's name.

'Of all the knights, the knight most fair
From Yarrow to the Tyne,'
Soft sighed the maid, 'is Harden's heir,
But ne'er can he be mine;

THE REIVER'S WEDDING

'Of all the maids, the foulest maid
From Teviot to the Dee,
Ah!' sighing sad, that lady said,
'Can ne'er young Harden's be.'

She looked up the briery glen,
And up the mossy brae,
And she saw a score of her father's men
Yclad in the Johnstone grey.

O, fast and fast they downwards sped
The moss and briers among,
And in the midst the troopers led
A shackled knight along.

. . . . . .

CHRISTIE'S WILL [1]

1802

TRAQUAIR has ridden up Chapelhope,
And sae has he down by the Grey Mare's Tail; [2]
He never stinted the light gallop,
Until he speered for Christie's Will.

Now Christie's Will peeped frae the tower,
And out at the shot-hole keeked he;
'And ever unlucky,' quo' he, 'is the hour,
That the Warden comes to speer for me!'

'Good Christie's Will, now, have nae fear!
Nae harm, good Will, shall hap to thee:
I saved thy life at the Jeddart air,
At the Jeddart air frae the justice tree.

'Bethink how ye sware, by the salt and the bread,[3]
By the lightning, the wind, and the rain,
That if ever of Christie's Will I had need,
He would pay me my service again.'

'Gramercy, my lord,' quo' Christie's Will,
'Gramercy, my lord, for your grace to me!

[1] See Note 31. [2] A cataract above Moffat.
[3] 'He took bread and salt, by this light, that he would never open his lips.' — *The Honest Whore*, Act v, Scene 2.

When I turn my cheek, and claw my neck,
I think of Traquair and the Jeddart tree.'

And he has opened the fair tower yate,
To Traquair and a' his companie;
The spule o' the deer on the board he has set,
The fattest that ran on the Hutton Lee.

'Now, wherefore sit ye sad, my lord?
And wherefore sit ye mournfullie?
And why eat ye not of the venison I shot,
At the dead of night on Hutton Lee?'

'O weel may I stint of feast and sport,
And in my mind be vexed sair!
A vote of the canker'd Session Court,
Of land and living will make me bare.

'But if auld Durie to heaven were flown,
Or if auld Durie to hell were gane,
Or . . . if he could be but ten days stoun . . .
My bonny braid lands would still be my ain.'

'O, mony a time, my lord,' he said,
'I've stown the horse frae the sleeping loon;
But for you I'll steal a beast as braid,
For I'll steal Lord Durie frae Edinburgh toun.

'O, mony a time, my lord,' he said,
'I've stown a kiss frae a sleeping wench;
But for you I'll do as kittle a deed,
For I'll steal an auld lurdane aff the bench.'

And Christie's Will is to Edinburgh gane;
At the Borough Muir then entered he;
And as he passed the gallow-stane,
He crossed his brow and he bent his knee.

He lighted at Lord Durie's door,
And there he knocked most manfullie;
And up and spake Lord Durie sae stour,
'What tidings, thou stalward groom, to me?'

'The fairest lady in Teviotdale
Has sent, maist reverent sir, for thee;
She pleas at the Session for her land, a' haill,
And fain she wad plead her cause to thee.'

'But how can I to that lady ride,
With saving of my dignitie?'
'O a curch and mantle ye may wear,
And in my cloak ye sall muffled be.'

Wi' curch on head, and cloak ower face,
He mounted the judge on a palfrey fyne;

He rode away, a right round pace,
And Christie's Will held the bridle reyn.

The Lothian Edge they were not o'er,
When they heard bugles bauldly ring,
And, hunting over Middleton Moor,[1]
They met, I ween, our noble King.

When Willie looked upon our King,
I wot a frighted man was he!
But ever auld Durie was startled mair,
For tyning of his dignitie.

The King he crossed himself, iwis,
When as the pair came riding bye —
'An uglier crone, and a sturdier loon,
I think, were never seen with eye!'

Willie has hied to the tower of Græme,
He took auld Durie on his back,
He shot him down to the dungeon deep,
Which garred his auld banes gie mony a crack.

For nineteen days, and nineteen nights,
Of sun, or moon, or midnight stern,
Auld Durie never saw a blink,
The lodging was sae dark and dern.

[1] Middleton Moor is about fifteen miles from Edinburgh on the way to the Border.

He thought the warlocks o' the rosy cross,[1]
Had fanged him in their nets sae fast;
Or that the gipsies' glamoured gang[2]
Had laired his learning at the last.

'Hey! Batty, lad! far yaud! far yaud!'
These were the morning sounds heard he;
And ever 'Alack!' auld Durie cried,
'The de'il is hounding his tykes on me!' —

And whiles a voice on *Baudrons* cried,
With sound uncouth, and sharp, and hie;
'I have tar-barrelled mony a witch,[3]
But now, I think, they 'll clear scores wi' me!'

The King has caused a bill be wrote,
And he has set it on the Tron, —
'He that will bring Lord Durie back,
Shall have five hundred merks and one.'

Traquair has written a privie letter,
And he has sealed it wi' his seal, —
'Ye may let the auld brock out o' the poke;
The land's my ain, and a's gane weel.'

O Will has mounted his bonny black,
And to the tower of Græme did trudge,

[1] See Note 32. [2] See Note 33. [3] See Note 34.

And once again, on his sturdy back,
Has he hente up the weary judge.

He brought him to the council stairs,
And there full loudly shouted he,
'Gie me my guerdon, my sovereign liege,
And take ye back your auld Durie!'

THOMAS THE RHYMER[1]

PART FIRST

ANCIENT

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,
'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

'O no, O no, Thomas,' she said,
'That name does not belang to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

[1] See Note 35.

'Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said;
'Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be.'

'Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me.'
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

'Now, ye maun go wi' me,' she said;
'True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be.'

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind:
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

'Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;

Abide and rest a little space,
And I will shew you ferlies three.

'O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

'And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

'And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

'But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak word in Elflyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie.'

O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree — [1]
'Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.'

'My tongue is mine ain,' true Thomas said;
'A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

'I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.'
'Now hold thy peace!' the lady said,
'For as I say, so must it be.'

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

[1] See Note 36.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

PART SECOND

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES

When seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awakened from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight
Come riding down by the Eildon-Tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;
Of giant make he 'peared to be:
He stirred his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says — 'Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies show to me.'
Says — 'Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcume, good Dunbar, to me!

'Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave!
And I will show thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

'A storm shall roar this very hour,
From Ross's Hills to Solway sea.'
'Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea.'

He put his hand on the Earlie's head;
He showed him a rock beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,[1]
And steel-dight nobles wiped their ee.

'The neist curse lights on Branxton hills:
By Flodden's high and heathery side,
Shall wave a banner red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

'A Scottish King shall come full keen,
The ruddy lion beareth he;
A feathered arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

'When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say —
"For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My doom is not to die this day."[2]

[1] King Alexander, killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.
[2] See Note 37.

'Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see;
How forty thousand spearmen stand,
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

'There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentil bluid that day.'

'Enough, enough, of curse and ban;
Some blessings show thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o' my bodie,' Corspatrick said,
'Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!'

The first of blessings I shall thee show,
Is by a burn, that's called of bread; [3]
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

'Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

'Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree;

[3] See Note 38.

The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon bluid sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the crosses there shall be.'

'But tell me now,' said brave Dunbar,
'True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea?'

'A French Queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea;
He of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

'The waters worship shall his race;
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride over ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree.'

PART THIRD

MODERN

When seven years more were come and gone,
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw showed high Dunyon [1]
His beacon blazing red.

[1] Ruberslaw and Dunyon are two hills near Jedburgh.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,[1]
Pitched palliouns took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a-rowe,
Glanced gaily through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie;
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.[2]

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
In Learmont's high and ancient hall:
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,
The music nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
When as the feast was done:
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

Hushed were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;

[1] See Note 39. [2] Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire.

And armed lords leaned on their swords,
And hearkened to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet poured along;
No after bard might e'er avail
Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's Table Round:
The Warrior of the Lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladies' sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell;
Was none excelled in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venomed wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue
She bore the leech's part;
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!
For, doomed in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
In fairy tissue wove;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High reared its glittering head;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segremore,
And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye;

Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
O who could sing but he?

Through many a maze the winning song
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand,
With agony his heart is wrung:
O where is Isolde's lilye hand,
And where her soothing tongue?

She comes! she comes! — like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly:
She comes! she comes! — she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die; her latest sigh
Joined in a kiss his parting breath;
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paused the harp: its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seemed to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak,
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dreamed o'er the woful tale;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior's ear assail.

He starts, he wakes; — 'What, Richard, ho!
Arise, my page, arise!
What venturous wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas lies!'

Then forth they rushed: by Leader's tide,
A selcouth sight they see —
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnalie.[1]

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow;

[1] See Note 40.

Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his clothes did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;
Never a word he spake but three; —
'My sand is run; my thread is spun;
This sign regardeth me.'

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise, he hung;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went; yet turned him oft
To view his ancient hall:
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moonbeams fall;

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray;
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

'Farewell, my father's ancient tower!
A long farewell,' said he:
'The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shalt be.

'To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong,
And, on thy hospitable hearth,
The hare shall leave her young.

'Adieu! adieu!' again he cried,
All as he turned him roun' —
'Farewell to Leader's silver tide!
Farewell to Ercildoune!'

The hart and hind approached the place,
As lingering yet he stood;
And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
With them he crossed the flood.

Lord Douglas leaped on his berry-brown steed,
And spurred him the Leader o'er;
But, though he rode with lightning speed,
He never saw them more.

Some said to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been;
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

THE BARD'S INCANTATION

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION IN THE AUTUMN OF 1804

THE forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine and the dark oak-tree;
And the midnight wind to the mountain deer
Is whistling the forest lullaby:
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees
That mingles with the groaning oak —
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock; —
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

'Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and bards of other days!
For midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:

THE BARD'S INCANTATION

The Spectre with his Bloody Hand [1]
Is wandering through the wild woodland;
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead!

'Souls of the mighty, wake and say
To what high strain your harps were strung,
When Lochlin ploughed her billowy way
And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
Her Norsemen trained to spoil and blood,
Skilled to prepare the raven's food,
All by your harpings doomed to die
On bloody Largs and Loncarty.[2]

'Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange
Upon the midnight breeze sail by,
Nor through the pines with whistling change
Mimic the harp's wild harmony!
Mute are ye now? — Ye ne'er were mute
When Murder with his bloody foot,
And Rapine with his iron hand,
Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

'O, yet awake the strain to tell,
By every deed in song enrolled,

[1] The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Shamdearg, or Red Hand.
[2] Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.

By every chief who fought or fell,
For Albion's weal in battle bold: —
From Coilgach,[1] first who rolled his car
Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
To him of veteran memory dear
Who victor died on Aboukir.

'By all their swords, by all their scars,
By all their names, a mighty spell!
By all their wounds, by all their wars,
Arise, the mighty strain to tell!
For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,
More impious than the heathen Dane,
More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
Gaul's ravening legions hither come!'

The wind is hushed and still the lake —
Strange murmurs fill my tinkling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years —
'When targets clashed and bugles rung,
And blades round warriors' heads were flung,
The foremost of the band were we
And hymned the joys of Liberty!'

[1] The Galgacus of Tacitus.

HELLVELLYN[1]

1805

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?

[1] See Note 41.

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And O, was it meet that — no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him —
Unhonoured the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts at deep midnight the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When wildered he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

A POEM

IN SIX CANTOS

Dum relego, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque qui feci judice, digna lini.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES, EARL OF DALKEITH

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

THE Poem, now offered to the Public, is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery, also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is Three Nights and Three Days.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

A POEM of nearly thirty years' standing may be supposed hardly to need an Introduction, since, without one, it has been able to keep itself afloat through the best part of a generation. Nevertheless, as, in the edition of the *Waverley Novels* now in course of publication, I have imposed on myself the task of saying something concerning the purpose and history of each, in their turn, I am desirous that the Poems for which I first received some marks of the public favour should also be accompanied with such scraps of their literary history as may be supposed to carry interest along with them. Even if I should be mistaken in thinking that the secret history of what was once so popular may still attract public attention and curiosity, it seems to me not without its use to record the manner and circumstances under which the present, and other Poems on the same plan, attained for a season an extensive reputation.

I must resume the story of my literary labours at the period at which I broke off in the *Essay on the Imitation of Popular Poetry*, when I had enjoyed the first gleam of public favour, by the success of the first edition of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The second edition of that work, published in 1803, proved, in the language of the trade, rather a heavy concern. The demand in Scotland had been supplied by the first edition, and the curiosity of the English was not much awakened by poems in the rude garb of antiquity, accompanied with notes referring to the obscure feuds of barbarous clans, of whose very names civilised history was ignorant. It was, on the whole, one of those books which are more praised than they are read.

At this time I stood personally in a different position from that which I occupied when I first dipt my desperate pen in ink for other purposes than those of my profession. In 1796, when I first published the translations from Bürger, I was an

insulated individual, with only my own wants to provide for, and having, in a great measure, my own inclinations alone to consult. In 1803, when the second edition of the *Minstrelsy* appeared, I had arrived at a period of life when men, however thoughtless, encounter duties and circumstances which press consideration and plans of life upon the most careless minds. I had been for some time married, — was the father of a rising family, and, though fully enabled to meet the consequent demands upon me, it was my duty and desire to place myself in a situation which would enable me to make honourable provision against the various contingencies of life.

It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose everywhere else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries, not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may in reality be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should, therefore, seem perpetually engaged among his law-papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises the fair,

'Si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum.'[1]

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very small a proportion of them are finally disposed, or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with

[1] 'If dust be none, yet brush that none away.'

the Muses, on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banners. This was probably owing to her consciousness of the superior attractions of her rivals. Of late, however, she has relaxed in some instances in this particular, an eminent example of which has been shown in the case of my friend Mr. Jeffrey, who, after long conducting one of the most influential literary periodicals of the age with unquestionable ability, has been, by the general consent of his brethren, recently elected to be their Dean of Faculty, or President, — being the highest acknowledgment of his professional talents which they had it in their power to offer. But this is an incident much beyond the ideas of a period of thirty years' distance, when a barrister who really possessed any turn for lighter literature was at as much pains to conceal it as if it had in reality been something to be ashamed of; and I could mention more than one instance in which literature and society have suffered much loss that jurisprudence might be enriched.

Such, however, was not my case; for the reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice, by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself on having established with Mistress Anne Page: 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance.' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to the 'toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Delilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course.

I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser

alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalised by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned that since my fourteenth or fifteenth year my health, originally delicate, had become extremely robust. From infancy I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness; but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty miles a day, and rode upwards of a hundred, without resting. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most sylvan sports also, with some success and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar. It was even doubtful whether I could, with perfect character as a jurisconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry, which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by some, who like myself, consulted rather their desire than their ability to bear arms. My services, however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects the squadron was a fine one, consisting chiefly of handsome men, well mounted and armed at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession.

On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three

years dead, so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an irksome labour by necessity, that most powerful of motives: consequently, I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable to me. This was yet the easier, that in 1800 I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about £300 a year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of some egotism, I will here mention; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood.

In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the Irritable Race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive that the petty warfare of Pope with the Dunces of his period could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from mosquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times.

Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in their mistakes, or what I considered as such; and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which, from one motive or other, is apt to ascribe a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement, of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with that triple brass of Horace, of which those of my profession are seldom held deficient, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one; or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

It is to the observance of these rules (according to my best belief) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a still more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties.

I adopted, at the same time, another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which, depending upon accident, can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my

plan, convinced that, though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other, attain the object on which it was founded, namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch, and that the profits of my literary labour, however convenient otherwise, should not, if I could help it, become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher honours. Upon such a post an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the pen. At this period of my life, I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained, in no long period, the reversion of a situation which completely met them.

Thus far all was well, and the Author had been guilty, perhaps, of no great imprudence, when he relinquished his forensic practice with the hope of making some figure in the field of literature. But an established character with the public, in my new capacity, still remained to be acquired. I have noticed that the translations from Bürger had been unsuccessful, nor had the original poetry which appeared under the auspices of Mr. Lewis, in the *Tales of Wonder*, in any great degree raised my reputation. It is true, I had private friends disposed to second me in my efforts to obtain popularity. But I was sportsman enough to know, that if the greyhound does not run well, the halloos of his patrons will not obtain the prize for him.

Neither was I ignorant that the practice of ballad-writing was for the present out of fashion, and that any attempt to

revive it, or to found a poetical character upon it, would certainly fail of success. The ballad measure itself, which was once listened to as to an enchanting melody, had become hackneyed and sickening, from its being the accompaniment of every grinding hand-organ; and besides, a long work in quatrains, whether those of the common ballad, or such as are termed elegiac, has an effect upon the mind like that of the bed of Procrustes upon the human body; for, as it must be both awkward and difficult to carry on a long sentence from one stanza to another, it follows that the meaning of each period must be comprehended within four lines, and equally so that it must be extended so as to fill that space. The alternate dilation and contraction thus rendered necessary is singularly unfavourable to narrative composition; and the *Gondibert* of Sir William D'Avenant, though containing many striking passages, has never become popular, owing chiefly to its being told in this species of elegiac verse.

In the dilemma occasioned by this objection, the idea occurred to the Author of using the measured short line, which forms the structure of so much minstrel poetry, that it may be properly termed the Romantic stanza, by way of distinction; and which appears so natural to our language, that the very best of our poets have not been able to protract it into the verse properly called Heroic, without the use of epithets which are, to say the least, unnecessary.[1] But, on the other hand, the extreme facility of the short couplet, which seems congenial to our language, and was, doubtless for that reason, so popular with our old minstrels, is, for the same reason, apt to prove a snare to the composer who uses it in more modern days, by

[1] Thus it has been often remarked, that, in the opening couplets of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, there are two syllables forming a superfluous word in each line, as may be observed by attending to such words as are printed in Italics.

> 'Achilles' wrath, to Greece the *direful* spring
> Of woes unnumber'd, *heavenly* goddess, sing;
> That wrath which sent to Pluto's *gloomy* reign,
> The souls of *mighty* chiefs in battle slain,
> Whose bones, unburied on the *desert* shore,
> Devouring dogs and *hungry* vultures tore.'

encouraging him in a habit of slovenly composition. The necessity of occasional pauses often forces the young poet to pay more attention to sense, as the boy's kite rises highest when the train is loaded by a due counterpoise. The Author was therefore intimidated by what Byron calls the 'fatal facility' of the octosyllabic verse, which was otherwise better adapted to his purpose of imitating the more ancient poetry.

I was not less at a loss for a subject which might admit of being treated with the simplicity and wildness of the ancient ballad. But accident dictated both a theme and measure which decided the subject as well as the structure of the poem.

The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs, as well as its manners and history. All who remember this lady will agree that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry among us.[1] Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property,[2] near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it

[1] [The Duchess of Buccleuch died in August, 1814.]

[2] This was Mr. Beattie of Mickledale, a man then considerably upwards of eighty, of a shrewd and sarcastic temper, which he did not at all times suppress, as the following anecdote will show: A worthy clergyman, now deceased, with better good-will than tact, was endeavouring to push the senior forward in his recollection of Border ballads and legends, by expressing reiterated surprise at his wonderful memory. 'No, sir,' said old Mickledale; 'my memory is good for little, for it cannot retain what ought to be preserved. I can remember all these stories about the auld riding days, which are of no earthly importance; but were you, reverend sir, to repeat your best sermon in this drawing-room, I could not tell you half an hour afterwards what you had been speaking about.'

was told, enjoined on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

A chance similar to that which dictated the subject gave me also the hint of a new mode of treating it. We had at that time the lease of a pleasant cottage near Lasswade, on the romantic banks of the Esk, to which we escaped when the vacations of the Court permitted me so much leisure. Here I had the pleasure to receive a visit from Mr. Stoddart (now Sir John Stoddart, Judge-Advocate at Malta), who was at that time collecting the particulars which he afterwards embodied in his *Remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland*. I was of some use to him in procuring the information which he desired, and guiding him to the scenes which he wished to see. In return, he made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the Lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken.

I was already acquainted with the *Joan of Arc*, the *Thalaba*, and the *Metrical Ballads* of Mr. Southey, which had found their way to Scotland, and were generally admired. But Mr. Stoddart, who had the advantage of personal friendship with the authors, and who possessed a strong memory with an excellent taste, was able to repeat to me many long specimens of their poetry, which had not yet appeared in print. Amongst others, was the striking fragment called *Christabel*, by Mr. Coleridge, which, from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner. As applied to comic and humorous poetry, this mescolanza of measures had been already used by Anthony Hall, Anstey, Dr. Wolcott, and others; but it was in *Christabel* that I first found it used in serious poetry, and it is to Mr. Coleridge that I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil to

his master. I observe that Lord Byron, in noticing my obligations to Mr. Coleridge, which I have been always most ready to acknowledge, expressed, or was understood to express, a hope that I did not write an unfriendly review on Mr. Coleridge's productions. On this subject I have only to say that I do not even know the review which is alluded to; and were I ever to take the unbecoming freedom of censuring a man of Mr. Coleridge's extraordinary talents, it would be on account of the caprice and indolence with which he has thrown from him, as if in mere wantonness, those unfinished scraps of poetry, which, like the Torso of antiquity, defy the skill of his poetical brethren to complete them. The charming fragments which the author abandons to their fate, are surely too valuable to be treated like the proofs of careless engravers, the sweepings of whose studios often make the fortune of some painstaking collector.

I did not immediately proceed upon my projected labour, though I was now furnished with a subject, and with a structure of verse which might have the effect of novelty to the public ear, and afford the Author an opportunity of varying his measure with the variations of a romantic theme. On the contrary, it was, to the best of my recollection, more than a year after Mr. Stoddart's visit, that, by way of experiment, I composed the first two or three stanzas of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* I was shortly afterwards visited by two intimate friends, one of whom still survives. They were men whose talents might have raised them to the highest station in literature, had they not preferred exerting them in their own profession of the law, in which they attained equal preferment. I was in the habit of consulting them on my attempts at composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity.[1] In this specimen I had, in the phrase of the Highland servant, packed all that was my own *at least*, for I had also included a line of invocation, a little softened, from Coleridge —

[1] One of these, William Erskine, esq. (Lord Kinnedder), I have often had occasion to mention, and though I may hardly be thanked for disclosing the name of the other, yet I cannot but state that the second is George Cranstoun, esq., now a Senator of the College of Justice by the title of Lord Corehouse. [1831.]

'Mary, mother, shield us well.'

As neither of my friends said much to me on the subject of the stanzas I showed them before their departure, I had no doubt that their disgust had been greater than their good-nature chose to express. Looking upon them, therefore, as a failure, I threw the manuscript into the fire, and thought as little more as I could of the matter. Some time afterwards I met one of my two counsellors, who inquired, with considerable appearance of interest, about the progress of the romance I had commenced, and was greatly surprised at learning its fate. He confessed that neither he nor our mutual friend had been at first able to give a precise opinion on a poem so much out of the common road; but that as they walked home together to the city, they had talked much on the subject, and the result was an earnest desire that I would proceed with the composition. He also added, that some sort of prologue might be necessary, to place the mind of the hearers in the situation to understand and enjoy the poem, and recommended the adoption of such quaint mottoes as Spenser has used to announce the contents of the chapters of the *Faery Queen*, such as —

> ' Babe's bloody hands may not be cleansed:
> The face of Golden Mean:
> Her sisters, two Extremities,
> Strive her to banish clean.'

I entirely agreed with my friendly critic in the necessity of having some sort of pitch-pipe, which might make readers aware of the object, or rather the tone, of the publication. But I doubted whether, in assuming the oracular style of Spenser's mottoes, the interpreter might not be censured as the harder to be understood of the two. I therefore introduced the Old Minstrel, as an appropriate prolocutor by whom the lay might be sung or spoken, and the introduction of whom betwixt the cantos might remind the reader at intervals of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of *cadre*, or frame, afterwards afforded the poem its name of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

The work was subsequently shown to other friends during its progress, and received the *imprimatur* of Mr. Francis Jeffrey, who had been already for some time distinguished by his critical talent.

The poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished, proceeding at about the rate of a canto per week. There was, indeed, little occasion for pause or hesitation, when a troublesome rhyme might be accommodated by an alteration of the stanza, or where an incorrect measure might be remedied by a variation of the rhyme. It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original author.

The book was published by Longman and Company, and Archibald Constable and Company. The principal of the latter firm was then commencing that course of bold and liberal industry which was of so much advantage to his country, and might have been so to himself, but for causes which it is needless to enter into here. The work, brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publishers, was not long after purchased by them for £500, to which Messrs. Longman and Company afterwards added £100, in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work. It was handsomely given to supply the loss of a fine horse, which broke down suddenly while the Author was riding with one of the worthy publishers.

It would be great affectation not to own frankly, that the Author expected some success from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* The attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed, at a time when the public had become tired of heroic hexameters, with all the buckram and binding which belong to them of later days. But whatever might have been his expectations, whether moderate or unreasonable, the result left them far behind, for among those who smiled on the adventurous Minstrel were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox. Neither was the extent

of the sale inferior to the character of the judges who received the poem with approbation. Upwards of thirty thousand copies of the *Lay* were disposed of by the trade; and the Author had to perform a task difficult to human vanity, when called upon to make the necessary deductions from his own merits, in a calm attempt to account for his popularity.

A few additional remarks on the Author's literary attempts after this period, will be found in the Introduction to the Poem of *Marmion*.

Abbotsford, April, 1830.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

INTRODUCTION

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses grey
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;

The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.
He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye —
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step at last
The embattled portal arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess[1] marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

[1] Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

Newark Castle

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride;
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis,[1] dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter,[2] rest him God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But when he reached the room of state
Where she with all her ladies sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain

[1] Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess.
[2] Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

Came wildering o'er his aged brain —
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence and age's frost

In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'T was thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

CANTO FIRST

I

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,[1]
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower,
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell —
Jesu Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight and page and household squire
Loitered through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire:
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged in dreams the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

III

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;[2]

[1] See Note 42. [2] See Note 43.

Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited duteous on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword and spur on heel;
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day nor yet by night:
They lay down to rest,
With corselet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

V

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barded with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow;[1]

[1] See Note 44.

A hundred more fed free in stall: —
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

VI

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors armed by night?
They watch to hear the bloodhound baying;
They watch to hear the war-horn braying;
To see Saint George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming;
They watch against Southern force and guile,
  Lest Scroop or Howard or Percy's powers
  Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,[1]
From Warkworth or Naworth or merry Carlisle.

VII

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.
  Many a valiant knight is here;
But he, the chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall
  Beside his broken spear.
Bards long shall tell
How Lord Walter fell! [2]
When startled burghers fled afar
The furies of the Border war,
When the streets of high Dunedin

[1] See Note 45.

[2] See Note 46.

Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell, —
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII

Can piety the discord heal,
  Or staunch the death-feud's enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
  Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,
  In mutual pilgrimage they drew,
Implored in vain the grace divine
  For chiefs their own red falchions slew.
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
  While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
  Shall never, never be forgot![1]

IX

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
  The warlike foresters had bent,
And many a flower and many a tear
  Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent;
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
The Ladye dropped nor flower nor tear!

[1] See Note 47.

Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had locked the source of softer woe,
And burning pride and high disdain
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisped from the nurse's knee,
'And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!'
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X

All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair,
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughtered sire
And wept in wild despair.
But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied,
For hopeless love and anxious fear
Had lent their mingled tide;
Nor in her mother's altered eye
Dared she to look for sympathy.
Her lover 'gainst her father's clan
With Carr in arms had stood,[1]
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran
All purple with their blood;

[1] See Note 48.

And well she knew her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,[1]
Would see her on her dying bed.

XI

Of noble race the Ladye came;
Her father was a clerk of fame
Of Bethune's line of Picardie: [2]
He learned the art that none may name
In Padua, far beyond the sea.[3]
Men said he changed his mortal frame
By feat of magic mystery;
For when in studious mood he paced
Saint Andrew's cloistered hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall! [4]

XII

And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.[5]
And now she sits in secret bower
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound
That moans the mossy turrets round.

[1] See Note 49. [2] See Note 50. [3] See Note 51.
[4] See Note 52. [5] See Note 53.

Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's red side?
Is it the wind, that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?

XIII

At the sullen, moaning sound
The ban-dogs bay and howl,
And from the turrets round
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night;
But the night was still and clear!

XIV

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well!
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV

RIVER SPIRIT

'Sleep'st thou, brother?'

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

'Brother, nay —
On my hills the moonbeams play.
From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
By every rill, in every glen,
Merry elves their morris pacing,
To aërial minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
Trip it deft and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble feet!
Up, and list their music sweet!'

XVI

RIVER SPIRIT

'Tears of an imprisoned maiden
Mix with my polluted stream;
Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
Tell me, thou who view'st the stars,
When shall cease these feudal jars?
What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate?'

XVII

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

'Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll
In utter darkness round the pole;
The Northern Bear lowers black and grim,
Orion's studded belt is dim;
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet star;
Ill may I read their high decree:
But no kind influence deign they shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower
Till pride be quelled and love be free.'

XVIII

The unearthly voices ceased,
And the heavy sound was still;
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the hill.
But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near;
For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbbed high with pride:
'Your mountains shall bend
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!'

XIX

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And with jocund din among them all
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied moss-trooper,[1] the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall right merrily
In mimic foray rode.
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
Share in his frolic gambles bore,
Albeit their hearts of rugged mould
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
For the grey warriors prophesied
How the brave boy in future war
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.[2]

XX

The Ladye forgot her purpose high
One moment and no more,
One moment gazed with a mother's eye
As she paused at the arched door;
Then from amid the armed train
She called to her William of Deloraine.[3]

[1] See Note 54. [2] See Note 55. [3] See Note 56.

XXI

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he
As e'er couched Border lance by knee:
Through Solway Sands, through Tarras Moss,
Blindfold he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds; [1]
In Eske or Liddel fords were none
But he would ride them, one by one;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow or July's pride;
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight or matin prime:
Steady of heart and stout of hand
As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
Five times outlawed had he been
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

XXII

'Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed;
Spare not to spur nor stint to ride
Until thou come to fair Tweedside;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the Monk of Saint Mary's aisle.

[1] See Note 57.

Greet the father well from me;
Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb:
For this will be Saint Michael's night,
And though stars be dim the moon is bright,
And the cross of bloody red
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII

'What he gives thee, see thou keep;
Stay not thou for food or sleep:
Be it scroll or be it book,
Into it, knight, thou must not look;
If thou readest, thou art lorn!
Better hadst thou ne'er been born!'

XXIV

'O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,
Which drinks of the Teviot clear;
Ere break of day,' the warrior gan say,
'Again will I be here:
And safer by none may thy errand be done
Than, noble dame, by me;
Letter nor line know I never one,
Were 't my neck-verse at Hairibee.'[1]

[1] See Note 58.

XXV

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he passed,
Soon crossed the sounding barbican,
And soon the Teviot side he won.
Eastward the wooded path he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;
He passed the Peel of Goldiland,
And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand;
Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound,[1]
Where Druid shades still flitted round:
In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behind him soon they set in night;
And soon he spurred his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.[2]

XXVI

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark:
'Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark.'
'For Branksome, ho!' the knight rejoined,
And left the friendly tower behind.
He turned him now from Teviotside,
And, guided by the tinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gained the moor at Horseliehill;

[1] See Note 59. [2] See Note 60.

Broad on the left before him lay
For many a mile the Roman way.

XXVII

A moment now he slacked his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed,
Drew saddle-girth and corselet-band,
And loosened in the sheath his brand.
On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint,[1]
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint,
Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest
Where falcons hang their giddy nest
Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn;
Cliffs which for many a later year
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove
Ambition is no cure for love.

XXVIII

Unchallenged, thence passed Deloraine
To ancient Riddel's fair domain,[2]
Where Aill, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come;

[1] See Note 61. [2] See Note 62.

Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddle-bow:
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;
For he was barded from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail;
Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force.
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray;
Yet, through good heart and Our Ladye's grace,
At length he gained the landing-place.

XXX

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumed head,
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon; [1]
For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallowed morn arose,
When first the Scott and Carr were foes;

[1] See Note 63.

When royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day;
When Home and Douglas in the van
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose and fair Tweed ran:
Like some tall rock with lichens grey,
Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he passed had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.
The sound upon the fitful gale
In solemn wise did rise and fail,
Like that wild harp whose magic tone
Is wakened by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reached 't was silence all;
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.[1]

HERE paused the harp; and with its swell
The Master's fire and courage fell:

[1] See Note 64.

Dejectedly and low he bowed,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seemed to seek in every eye
If they approved his minstrelsy;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age and wandering long
Had done his hand and harp some wrong.
The Duchess, and her daughters fair,
And every gentle lady there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody;
His hand was true, his voice was clear,
And much they longed the rest to hear.
Encouraged thus, the aged man
After meet rest again began.

CANTO SECOND

I

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die; [1]
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view Saint David's ruined pile; [2]
And, home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II

Short halt did Deloraine make there;
Little recked he of the scene so fair:

[1] See Note 65. [2] See Note 66.

With dagger's hilt on the wicket strong
He struck full loud, and struck full long.
The porter hurried to the gate:
'Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?'
'From Branksome I,' the warrior cried;
And straight the wicket opened wide:
For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.[1]

III

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod:
The arched cloister, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle
To hail the Monk of Saint Mary's aisle.

IV

'The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me,
Says that the fated hour is come,

[1] See Note 67.

And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb.'
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

V

And strangely on the knight looked he,
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide:
'And darest thou, warrior, seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn,
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Wouldst thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance drie,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear —
Then, daring warrior, follow me!'

VI

'Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,

Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray.[1]
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone.'

VII

Again on the knight looked the churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong and his courage was high:
Now, slow and faint, he led the way
Where, cloistered round, the garden lay;
The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.[2]

VIII

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glistened with the dew of night;
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.

[1] See Note 68. [2] See Note 69.

The Postern Door, Melrose Abbey

So had he seen, in fair Castile,[1]
The youth in glittering squadrons start,
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX

By a steel-clenched postern door
They entered now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small:
The keystone that locked each ribbed aisle
Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburne![2]

[1] See Note 70. [2] See Note 71.

And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale! [1]
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition lowly laid!

XI

The moon on the east oriel shone [2]
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII

They sate them down on a marble stone [3] —
A Scottish monarch slept below;
Thus spoke the monk in solemn tone:

[1] See Note 72. [2] See Note 73. [3] See Note 74.

East Window, Melrose Abbey

'I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God:
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII

'In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;[1]
A wizard of such dreaded fame
That when, in Salamanca's cave,[2]
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame![3]
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three,[4]
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:
But to speak them were a deadly sin,
And for having but thought them my heart within
A treble penance must be done.

XIV

'When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened;
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed:

[1] See Note 75. [2] See Note 76. [3] See Note 77. [4] See Note 78.

I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid;
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV

'I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on Saint Michael's night,
When the bell tolled one and the moon was bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.

XVI

'It was a night of woe and dread
When Michael in the tomb I laid;
Strange sounds along the chancel passed,
The banners waved without a blast' —
Still spoke the monk, when the bell tolled one! —

I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII

'Lo, warrior! now, the cross of red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead:
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night;
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be.'[1]
Slow moved the monk to the broad flagstone
Which the bloody cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron bar the warrior took;
And the monk made a sign with his withered hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII

With beating heart to the task he went,
His sinewy frame o'er the gravestone bent,
With bar of iron heaved amain
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength

[1] See Note 79.

That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright;
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Showed the monk's cowl and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-browed warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.

XIX

Before their eyes the wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of Might,
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee.
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face:
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe,
Yet now remorse and awe he owned;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewildered and unnerved he stood,
And the priest prayed fervently and loud:
With eyes averted prayed he;
He might not endure the sight to see
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI

And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,
Thus unto Deloraine he said:
'Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those thou mayst not look upon
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!'
Then Deloraine in terror took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasped and with iron bound:
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned;[1]

[1] See Note 80.

But the glare of the sepulchral light
Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night returned in double gloom,
For the moon had gone down and the stars were few;
And as the knight and priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'T is said, as through the aisles they passed,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man,
As if the fiends kept holiday
Because these spells were brought to-day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 't was said to me.

XXIII

'Now, hie thee hence,' the father said,
'And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye and sweet Saint John
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!'
The monk returned him to his cell,

And many a prayer and penance sped;
When the convent met at the noontide bell,
The Monk of Saint Mary's aisle was dead!
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed.

XXIV

The knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find:
He was glad when he passed the tombstones grey
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
For the mystic book, to his bosom pressed,
Felt like a load upon his breast,
And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
Shook like the aspen-leaves in wind.
Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot grey;
He joyed to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary as well as he might.

XXV

The sun had brightened Cheviot grey,
The sun had brightened the Carter's side;[1]
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
The wild birds told their warbling tale,

[1] A mountain on the border of England, above Jedburgh.

And wakened every flower that blows;
And peeped forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose.
And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hastilie;
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie?
Why does she stop and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair;
And why does she pat the shaggy bloodhound,
As he rouses him up from his lair;
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

XXVII

The ladye steps in doubt and dread
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;
The ladye caresses the rough bloodhound
Lest his voice should waken the castle round;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster father's son;

Branksome Hall

And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

XXVIII

The knight and ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately and young and tall,
Dreaded in battle and loved in hall;
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red,
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon pressed,
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold —
Where would you find the peerless fair
With Margaret of Branksome might compare!

XXIX

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow.
Ye ween to hear a melting tale
Of two true lovers in a dale;
And how the knight, with tender fire,

To paint his faithful passion strove,
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love;
And how she blushed, and how she sighed,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid; —
Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;
Its lightness would my age reprove:
My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold:
I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI

Beneath an oak, mossed o'er by eld,
The Baron's dwarf his courser held,[1]
And held his crested helm and spear:
That dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border far and near.
'T was said, when the Baron a-hunting rode

[1] See Note 81.

Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,
He heard a voice cry, 'Lost! lost! lost!'
And, like tennis-ball by racket tossed,
A leap of thirty feet and three
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismayed;
'T is said that five good miles he rade,
To rid him of his company;
But where he rode one mile, the dwarf ran four,
And the dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII

Use lessens marvel, it is said:
This elfish dwarf with the Baron staid;
Little he ate, and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock;
And oft apart his arms he tossed,
And often muttered, 'Lost! lost! lost!'
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
But well Lord Cranstoun served he:
And he of his service was full fain;
For once he had been ta'en or slain,
An it had not been for his ministry.
All between Home and Hermitage
Talked of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

XXXIII

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elfish page,
To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes;
For there, beside Our Ladye's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
And he would pay his vows.
But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band[1]
Of the best that would ride at her command;
The trysting-place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine;
They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to Saint Mary's lake ere day,
But the chapel was void and the Baron away.
They burned the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

XXXIV

And now, in Branksome's good greenwood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron's courser pricks his ears,

[1] See Note 82.

As if a distant noise he hears.
The dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And signs to the lovers to part and fly;
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret through the hazel-grove
Flew like the startled cushat-dove:
The dwarf the stirrup held and rein;
Vaulted the knight on his steed amain,
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

While thus he poured the lengthened tale,
The Minstrel's voice began to fail.
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the withered hand of age
A goblet, crowned with mighty wine,
The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,
And, while the big drop filled his eye,
Prayed God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheered a son of song.
The attending maidens smiled to see
How long, how deep, how zealously,
The precious juice the Minstrel quaffed;
And he, emboldened by the draught,
Looked gaily back to them and laughed.

The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swelled his old veins and cheered his soul;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

CANTO THIRD

I

And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
  And that I might not sing of love? —
How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
  So foul, so false a recreant prove?
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame?

II

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,

He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.
But the page shouted wild and shrill,
And scarce his helmet could he don,
When downward from the shady hill
A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed, so dapple-grey,
Was dark with sweat and splashed with clay,
His armour red with many a stain:
He seemed in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the livelong night;
For it was William of Deloraine.

IV

But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam,
He marked the crane on the Baron's crest; [1]
For his ready spear was in his rest.
Few were the words, and stern and high,
That marked the foemen's feudal hate;
For question fierce and proud reply
Gave signal soon of dire debate.
Their very coursers seemed to know
That each was other's mortal foe,
And snorted fire when wheeled around
To give each knight his vantage-ground.

[1] See Note 83.

V

In rapid round the Baron bent;
He sighed a sigh and breathed a prayer;
The prayer was to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his ladye fair.
Stout Deloraine nor sighed nor prayed,
Nor saint nor ladye called to aid;
But he stooped his head, and couched his spear,
And spurred his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seemed like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
The stately Baron backwards bent,
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the gale;
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail;
Through shield and jack and acton passed,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.
Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,

Hurled on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward passed his course,
Nor knew — so giddy rolled his brain —
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

VII

But when he reined his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to staunch the wound,
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
'This shalt thou do without delay:
No longer here myself may stay;
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day.

VIII

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin Page behind abode;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corselet off he took,

The dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
Much he marvelled a knight of pride
Like a book-bosomed priest should ride: [1]
He thought not to search or staunch the wound
Until the secret he had found.

IX

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp;
For when the first he had undone,
It closed as he the next begun.
Those iron clasps, that iron band,
Would not yield to unchristened hand
Till he smeared the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curdled gore;
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read.
It had much of glamour might,
Could make a ladye seem a knight,
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall,
A nutshell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth —
All was delusion, nought was truth.[2]

[1] See Note 84. [2] See Note 85.

X

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce, it stretched him on the plain
Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismayed,
And shook his huge and matted head;
One word he muttered and no more,
'Man of age, thou smitest sore!'
No more the elfin page durst try
Into the wondrous book to pry;
The clasps, though smeared with Christian gore,
Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak. —
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.[1]

XI

Unwillingly himself he addressed
To do his master's high behest:
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse;
He led him into Branksome Hall
Before the beards of the warders all,

[1] See Note 86.

And each did after swear and say
There only passed a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,
Even to the Ladye's secret bower;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
Whate'er he did of gramarye
Was always done maliciously;
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood welled freshly from the wound.

XII

As he repassed the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport:
He thought to train him to the wood;
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.
Seemed to the boy some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play;
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook;

The running stream dissolved the spell,[1]
And his own elfish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child,
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen:
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited;
So he but scowled on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild;
The woodland brook he bounding crossed,
And laughed, and shouted, 'Lost! lost! lost!'

XIV

Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,
And frightened, as a child might be,
At the wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark words of gramarye,
The child, amidst the forest bower,
Stood rooted like a lily flower;
And when at length, with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Branksome lay,
He feared to see that grisly face
Glare from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting oft, he journeyed on,
And deeper in the wood is gone, —

[1] See Note 87.

For aye the more he sought his way,
The farther still he went astray, —
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouthed bark
Comes nigher still and nigher;
Bursts on the path a dark bloodhound,
His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wildered child saw he,
He flew at him right furiouslie.
I ween you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire!
He faced the bloodhound manfully,
And held his little bat on high;
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
At cautious distance hoarsely bayed,
But still in act to spring;
When dashed an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stayed,
He drew his tough bowstring;
But a rough voice cried, 'Shoot not, hoy!
Ho! shoot not, Edward, — 't is a boy!'

XVI

The speaker issued from the wood,
And checked his fellow's surly mood,
And quelled the ban-dog's ire:
He was an English yeoman good
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro;
With hand more true and eye more clear
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burned face;
Old England's sign, Saint George's cross,
His barret-cap did grace;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reached scantly to his knee;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbished sheaf bore he;
His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
No longer fence had he;

He never counted him a man,[1]
Would strike below the knee:
His slackened bow was in his hand,
And the leash that was his bloodhound's band.

XVIII

He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm,
That he might neither fight nor flee;
For when the red cross spied he,
The boy strove long and violently.
Now, by Saint George,' the archer cries,
'Edward, methinks we have a prize!
This boy's fair face and courage free
Show he is come of high degree.'

XIX

'Yes! I am come of high degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;
And, if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need,
And every Scott from Esk to Tweed;
And, if thou dost not let me go,

[1] See Note 88.

Despite thy arrows and thy bow,
I'll have thee hanged to feed the crow!'

XX

'Gramercy for thy good-will, fair boy!
My mind was never set so high;
But if thou art chief of such a clan,
And art the son of such a man,
And ever comest to thy command,
Our wardens had need to keep good order:
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
Thou'lt make them work upon the Border!
Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see;
I think our work is well begun,
When we have taken thy father's son.'

XXI

Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seemed to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play;
And, in the shape of that young boy,
He wrought the castle much annoy.
The comrades of the young Buccleuch
He pinched and beat and overthrew;
Nay, some of them he well-nigh slew.
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,

And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
He lighted the match of his bandelier,
And wofully scorched the hackbuteer.
It may be hardly thought or said,
The mischief that the urchin made,
Till many of the castle guessed
That the young baron was possessed!

XXII

Well I ween the charm he held
The noble Ladye had soon dispelled,
But she was deeply busied then
To tend the wounded Deloraine.
Much she wondered to find him lie
On the stone threshold stretched along:
She thought some spirit of the sky
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong,
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the book had read;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII

She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she staunched the blood.[1]
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound:
No longer by his couch she stood;

[1] See Note 89.

But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And washed it from the clotted gore,
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.[1]
William of Deloraine, in trance,
Whene'er she turned it round and round,
Twisted as if she galled his wound.
Then to her maidens she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound
Within the course of a night and day.
Full long she toiled, for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV

So passed the day — the evening fell,
'T was near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rude watchman on the tower
Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone,
Touched a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
Her golden hair streamed free from band,

[1] See Note 90.

Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

XXV

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star? —
O, 't is the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

XXVI

The warder viewed it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river rung around.
The blast alarmed the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all;
Far downward in the castle-yard
Full many a torch and cresset glared;
And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,
Were in the blaze half seen, half lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

XXVII

The seneschal, whose silver hair
Was reddened by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud:
'On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,[1]
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire;
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!
Mount, mount for Branksome,[2] every man!
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
That ever are true and stout.
Ye need not send to Liddesdale,
For when they see the blazing bale
Elliots and Armstrongs never fail.
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life,
And warn the warden of the strife!
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin and clan and friends to raise!'[3]

XXVIII

Fair Margaret from the turret head
Heard far below the coursers' tread,
While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats with clamour dread
The ready horsemen sprung:

[1] See Note 91.
[2] 'Mount for Branksome' was the gathering word of the Scotts.
[3] See Note 92.

And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices mingled notes,
And out! and out!
In hasty rout,
The horsemen galloped forth;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX

The ready page with hurried hand
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
And ruddy blushed the heaven;
For a sheet of flame from the turret high
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
All flaring and uneven.
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height and hill and cliff were seen,
Each with warlike tidings fraught;
Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn;
On many a cairn's grey pyramid,[1]

[1] See Note 93.

Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw
From Soltra and Dumpender Law,
And Lothian heard the Regent's order
That all should bowne them for the Border.

XXX

The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel;
The castle-bell with backward clang
Sent forth the larum peal.
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower;
Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watchword from the sleepless ward;
While, wearied by the endless din,
Bloodhound and ban-dog yelled within.

XXXI

The noble dame, amid the broil,
Shared the grey seneschal's high toil,
And spoke of danger with a smile,
Cheered the young knights, and council sage
Held with the chiefs of riper age.
No tidings of the foe were brought,

Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor what in time of truce he sought.
Some said that there were thousands ten;
And others weened that it was nought
But Leven Clans or Tynedale men,
Who came to gather in black-mail;
And Liddesdale, with small avail,
Might drive them lightly back agen.
So passed the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day.

Ceased the high sound — the listening throng
Applaud the Master of the Song;
And marvel much, in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.
Had he no friend — no daughter dear,
His wandering toil to share and cheer?
No son to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way?
'Ay, once he had — but he was dead!' —
Upon the harp he stooped his head,
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.

CANTO FOURTH

I

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor startled at the bugle-horn.

II

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doomed to know,
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebbed with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy
Fell by the side of great Dundee.[1]

[1] The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killiecrankie.

Why, when the volleying musket played
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid? —
Enough — he died the death of fame;
Enough — he died with conquering Græme.

III

Now over Border dale and fell
  Full wide and far was terror spread;
For pathless marsh and mountain cell
  The peasant left his lowly shed.[1]
The frightened flocks and herds were pent
Beneath the peel's rude battlement;
And maids and matrons dropped the tear,
While ready warriors seized the spear.
From Branksome's towers the watchman's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Showed Southern ravage was begun.[2]

IV

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried:
  'Prepare ye all for blows and blood!
Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side,[3]
  Comes wading through the flood.

[1] See Note 94. [2] See Note 95. [3] See Note 96.

Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
At his lone gate and prove the lock;
It was but last Saint Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer night,
But fled at morning; well they knew,
In vain he never twanged the yew.
Right sharp has been the evening shower
That drove him from his Liddel tower;
And, by my faith,' the gate-ward said,
'I think 't will prove a Warden-raid.'

V

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Entered the echoing barbican.
He led a small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hag to hag,
Could bound like any Billhope stag.[1]
It bore his wife and children twain;
A half-clothed serf was all their train:
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-browed,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,[2]
Laughed to her friends among the crowd.
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparely formed and lean withal:
A battered morion on his brow;
A leathern jack, as fence enow,

[1] See Note 97. [2] See Note 98.

On his broad shoulders loosely hung;
A Border axe behind was slung;
His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
Seemed newly dyed with gore;
His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
His hardy partner bore.

VI

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
The tidings of the English foe:
'Belted Will Howard is marching here,[1]
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,[2]
And all the German hackbut-men[3]
Who have long lain at Askerten.
They crossed the Liddel at curfew hour,
And burned my little lonely tower —
The fiend receive their souls therefor!
It had not been burnt this year and more.
Barnyard and dwelling, blazing bright,
Served to guide me on my flight,
But I was chased the livelong night.
Black John of Akeshaw and Fergus Græme
Fast upon my traces came,
Until I turned at Priesthaugh Scrogg,
And shot their horses in the bog,
Slew Fergus with my lance outright —

[1] See Note 99. [2] See Note 100. [3] See Note 101.

I had him long at high despite;
He drove my cows last Fastern's night.'

VII

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirmed the tale;
As far as they could judge by ken,
  Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
Three thousand armed Englishmen.
  Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
Came, in their chief's defence to aid.
There was saddling and mounting in haste,
  There was pricking o'er moor and lea;
He that was last at the trysting-place
  Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

VIII

From fair Saint Mary's silver wave,
  From dreary Gamescleuch's dusky height,
His ready lances Thirlestane brave
  Arrayed beneath a banner bright.
The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims
To wreathe his shield, since royal James,
Encamped by Fala's mossy wave,
The proud distinction grateful gave
  For faith, mid feudal jars;

What time, save Thirlestane alone,
Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
Would march to southern wars;
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne;
Hence his high motto shines revealed,
'Ready, aye ready,' for the field.[1]

IX

An aged knight, to danger steeled,
With many a moss-trooper, came on;
And, azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston.[2]
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood Tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood
His wood-embosomed mansion stood;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plundered England low,
His bold retainers' daily food,
And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
Marauding chief! his sole delight
The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms
In youth might tame his rage for arms;

[1] See Note 102. [2] See Note 103.

And still in age he spurned at rest,
And still his brows the helmet pressed,
Albeit the blanched locks below
Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow.
Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father's band;
A braver knight than Harden's lord
Ne'er belted on a brand.

X

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,[1]
Came trooping down the Todshawhill;
By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they hold it still.
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale
How thy sires won fair Eskdale.
Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
The Beattisons were his vassals there.
The earl was gentle and mild of mood,
The vassals were warlike and fierce and rude;
High of heart and haughty of word,
Little they recked of a tame liege-lord.
The earl into fair Eskdale came,
Homage and seigniory to claim:
Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,
Saying, 'Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought.'

[1] See Note 104.

'Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
Oft has he helped me at pinch of need;
Lord and earl though thou be, I trow,
I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou.'
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,
But that the earl the flight had ta'en,
The vassals there their lord had slain.
Sore he plied both whip and spur,
As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir;
And it fell down a weary weight,
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI

The earl was a wrathful man to see,
Full fain avenged would he be.
In haste to Branksome's lord he spoke,
Saying, 'Take these traitors to thy yoke;
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold:
Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan
If thou leavest on Eske a landed man!
But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
For he lent me his horse to escape upon.'
A glad man then was Branksome bold,
Down he flung him the purse of gold;
To Eskdale soon he spurred amain,

And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
He left his merrymen in the midst of the hill,
And bade them hold them close and still;
And alone he wended to the plain,
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said:
'Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head;
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
Give me in peace my heriot due,
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
If my horn I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind.'

XII

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn;
Little care we for thy winded horn.
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
With rusty spur and miry boot.'
He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse
That the dun deer started at far Craikcross;
He blew again so loud and clear,
Through the grey mountain-mist there did lances appear;
And the third blast rang with such a din

That the echoes answered from Pentounlinn,
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied and lances broke!
For each scornful word the Galliard had said
A Beattison on the field was laid.
His own good sword the chieftain drew,
And he bore the Galliard through and through;
Where the Beattisons' blood mixed with the rill,
The Galliard's Haugh men call it still.
The Scotts have scattered the Beattison clan,
In Eskdale they left but one landed man,
The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name;
From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-swair,
  From Woodhouselie to Chester-glen,
Trooped man and horse, and bow and spear;
  Their gathering word was Bellenden.[1]
And better hearts o'er Border sod
To siege or rescue never rode.
The Ladye marked the aids come in,
  And high her heart of pride arose;

[1] See Note 105.

She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father's friend,
And learn to face his foes:
'The boy is ripe to look on war;
I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar
The raven's nest upon the cliff;
The red cross on a Southern breast
Is broader than the raven's nest:
Thou, Whitslade, shall teach him his weapon to wield,
And o'er him hold his father's shield.'

XIV

Well may you think the wily page
Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shrieked, and shed full many a tear,
And moaned, and plained in manner wild.
The attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
That wont to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble dame;
She blushed blood-red for very shame:
'Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleugh!
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide

To Rangleburn's lonely side.
Sure, some fell fiend has cursed our line,
That coward should e'er be son of mine!'

XV

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omened elfish freight,
He bolted, sprung, and reared amain,
Nor heeded bit nor curb nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
  But as a shallow brook they crossed,
The elf, amid the running stream,
His figure changed, like form in dream,
  And fled, and shouted, 'Lost! lost! lost!'
Full fast the urchin ran and laughed,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
And pierced his shoulder through and through.
Although the imp might not be slain,
And though the wound soon healed again,
Yet, as he ran, he yelled for pain;
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
And martial murmurs from below
Proclaimed the approaching Southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were border pipes and bugles blown;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
A measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear;
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm and shield and spear.

XVII

Light forayers first, to view the ground,
Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round;
Behind, in close array, and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre's billmen were at hand:
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white and crosses red,

Arrayed beneath the banner tall
That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall;
And minstrels, as they marched in order,
Played, 'Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border.'

XVIII

Behind the English bill and bow
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
  Moved on to fight in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
  And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, owned no lord: [1]
They were not armed like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns;
Buff coats, all frounced and broidered o'er,
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore;
Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade;
All as they marched, in rugged tongue
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XIX

But louder still the clamour grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,

[1] See Note 106.

When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen,
With favour in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his ladye-love.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthened lines display;
Then called a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, 'Saint George for merry England!'

XX

Now every English eye intent
On Branksome's armed towers was bent;
So near they were that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-bow;
On battlement and bartizan
Gleamed axe and spear and partisan;
Falcon and culver on each tower
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;
And flashing armour frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where upon tower and turret head
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reeked like a witch's caldron red.

While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opes, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary seneschal.

XXI

Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breastplate spread;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager courser's gait,
Forced him with chastened fire to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance:
In sign of truce, his better hand
Displayed a peeled willow wand;
His squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gauntlet on his spear.[1]
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII

'Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the ladye of Buccleuch,
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tide,
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
With Kendal bow and Gilsland brand,

[1] See Note 107.

And all yon mercenary band,
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
My Ladye reads you swith return;
And, if but one poor straw you burn,
Or do our towers so much molest
As scare one swallow from her nest,
Saint Mary! but we'll light a brand
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland.'

XXIII

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
But calmer Howard took the word:
'May't please thy dame, Sir Seneschal,
To seek the castle's outward wall,
Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show
Both why we came and when we go.'
The message sped, the noble dame
To the wall's outward circle came;
Each chief around leaned on his spear,
To see the pursuivant appear.
All in Lord Howard's livery dressed,
The lion argent decked his breast;
He led a boy of blooming hue —
O sight to meet a mother's view!
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
Obeisance meet the herald made,
And this his master's will he said:

XXIV

'It irks, high-dame, my noble lords,
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the Western Wardenry,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border-side;
And ill beseems your rank and birth
To make your towers a flemens-firth.
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason pain.[1]
It was but last Saint Cuthbert's even
He pricked to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widowed dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrison,
And storm and spoil thy garrison;
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be bred.'

[1] See Note 108.

XXV

He ceased — and loud the boy did cry,
And stretched his little arms on high,
Implored for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the dame's embrace.
A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,
Gushed to her eye the unbidden tear;
She gazed upon the leaders round,
And dark and sad each warrior frowned;
Then deep within her sobbing breast
She locked the struggling sigh to rest,
Unaltered and collected stood,
And thus replied in dauntless mood:

XXVI

'Say to your lords of high emprise
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine
Will cleanse him by oath of march-treason stain,[1]
Or else he will the combat take
'Gainst Musgrave for his honour's sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good
But William may count with him kin and blood.
Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,[2]
When English blood swelled Ancram ford; [3]

[1] See Note 109. [2] See Note 110. [3] See Note 111.

And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dubbed a knight.
For the young heir of Branksome's line,
God be his aid, and God be mine!
Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
Here, while I live, no foe finds room.
Then, if thy lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,
Our moat the grave where they shall lie.'

XXVII

Proud she looked round, applause to claim –
Then lightened Thirlestane's eye of flame;
His bugle Wat of Harden blew;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,
'Saint Mary for the young Buccleuch!'
The English war-cry answered wide,
And forward bent each Southern spear;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bowstring to his ear;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown; —
But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman galloped from the rear.

XXVIII

'Ah! noble lords!' he breathless said,
'What treason has your march betrayed?
What make you here from aid so far,
Before you walls, around you war?
Your foemen triumph in the thought
That in the toils the lion's caught.
Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw;
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
And on the Liddel's northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merrymen good
Beneath the eagle and the rood;
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale
  Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
  Have risen with haughty Home.
An exile from Northumberland,
  In Liddesdale I've wandered long,
But still my heart was with merry England,
  And cannot brook my country's wrong;
And hard I've spurred all night, to show
The mustering of the coming foe.'

XXIX

'And let them come!' fierce Dacre cried;
'For soon yon crest, my father's pride,
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee,
From Branksome's highest towers displayed,
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!
Level each harquebuss on row;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up, billmen, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!'

XXX

'Yet hear,' quoth Howard, 'calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the Blanche Lion e'er fall back? [1]
But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye made
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine [2]
In single fight, and if he gain,

[1] See Note 112. [2] See Note 113.

He gains for us; but if he's crossed,
'T is but a single warrior lost:
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat and death and shame.'

XXXI

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother warden's sage rebuke;
And yet his forward step he stayed,
And slow and sullenly obeyed.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand;
His trumpet called with parleying strain
The leaders of the Scottish band;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
Stout Deloraine to single fight.
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said:
'If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
Vanquish the Knight of Deloraine,
Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's lord,

Shall hostage for his clan remain;
If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
The boy his liberty shall have.
Howe'er it falls, the English band,
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharmed,
In peaceful march, like men unarmed,
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland.'

XXXIII

Unconscious of the near relief,
The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,
Though much the Ladye sage gainsaid;
For though their hearts were brave and true,
From Jedwood's recent sack they knew
How tardy was the Regent's aid:
And you may guess the noble dame
Durst not the secret prescience own,
Sprung from the art she might not name,
By which the coming help was known.
Closed was the compact, and agreed
That lists should be enclosed with speed
Beneath the castle on a lawn:
They fixed the morrow for the strife,
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
Or else a champion in his stead,

Should for himself and chieftain stand
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV

I know right well that in their lay
Full many minstrels sing and say
Such combat should be made on horse,
On foaming steed, in full career,
With brand to aid, whenas the spear
Should shiver in the course:
But he, the jovial harper,[1] taught
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
In guise which now I say;
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,[2]
In the old Douglas' day.
He brooked not, he, that scoffing tongue
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
Or call his song untrue:
For this, when they the goblet plied,
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
The bard of Reull he slew.
On Teviot's side in fight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stained with blood,
Where still the thorn's white branches wave,
Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

[1] See Note 114. [2] See Note 115.

XXXV

Why should I tell the rigid doom
That dragged my master to his tomb;
How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him
Who died at Jedwood Air?
He died! — his scholars, one by one,
To the cold silent grave are gone;
And I, alas! survive alone,
To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused: the listening dames again
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
With many a word of kindly cheer, —
In pity half, and half sincere, —
Marvelled the Duchess how so well
His legendary song could tell
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;
Of feuds, whose memory was not;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare;
Of towers, which harbour now the hare;

Of manners, long since changed and gone;
Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
So long had slept that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled:
In sooth, 't was strange this old man's verse
Could call them from their marble hearse.

The harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear.
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;
E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled then, well pleased, the aged man,
And thus his tale continued ran.

CANTO FIFTH

I

Call it not vain: — they do not err,
Who say that when the poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan reply,
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn,
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,

That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier:
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead,
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain
And shrieks along the battle-plain;
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die;
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III

Scarcely the hot assault was stayed,
The terms of truce were scarcely made,
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers.
Thick clouds of dust afar appeared,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard;
Bright spears above the columns dun
Glanced momentary to the sun;

And feudal banners fair displayed
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came;
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name! [1]
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne [2]
Their men in battle-order set,
And Swinton laid the lance in rest
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.[3]
Nor list I say what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of old Dunbar
And Hepburn's mingled banners, come
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, 'A Home! a Home!' [4]

V

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went:
To every chief and lord they paid

[1] See Note 116. [2] See Note 117. [3] See Note 118. [4] See Note 119.

Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid,
And told them how a truce was made,
And how a day of fight was ta'en
'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine;
And how the Ladye prayed them dear
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble lords forgot.
Himself, the hoary seneschal,
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubbed, more bold in fight,
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for stately courtesy;
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI

Now, noble dame, perchance you ask
How these two hostile armies met,
Deeming it were no easy task
To keep the truce which here was set;
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.

By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation, foes,
  They met on Teviot's strand;
They met and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
  As brothers meet in foreign land:
The hands, the spear that lately grasped,
Still in the mailed gauntlet clasped,
  Were interchanged in greeting dear;
Visors were raised and faces shown,
And many a friend, to friend made known,
  Partook of social cheer.
Some drove the jolly bowl about;
  With dice and draughts some chased the day;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
  Pursued the football play.[1]

VII

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown
  Or sign of war been seen,
Those bands, so fair together ranged,
Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
  Had dyed with gore the green:
The merry shout by Teviot-side
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,

[1] See Note 120.

And in the groan of death;
And whingers, now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share,
Had found a bloody sheath.
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day; [1]
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment, sunk down
The sun's declining ray.

VIII

The blithesome signs of wassail gay
Decayed not with the dying day;
Soon through the latticed windows tall
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang;
And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan; [2]
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

[1] See Note 121. [2] See Note 122.

IX

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamours died,
And you might hear from Branksome hill
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide;
Save when the changing sentinel
The challenge of his watch could tell;
And save where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
Rung from the nether lawn;
For many a busy hand toiled there,
Strong pales to shape and beams to square,
The lists' dread barriers to prepare
Against the morrow's dawn.

X

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the dame's reproving eye;
Nor marked she, as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh:
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay.

By times, from silken couch she rose;
While yet the bannered hosts repose,
  She viewed the dawning day:
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI

She gazed upon the inner court,
  Which in the tower's tall shadow lay,
Where coursers' clang and stamp and snort
  Had rung the livelong yesterday:
Now still as death; till stalking slow, —
  The jingling spurs announced his tread, —
A stately warrior passed below;
  But when he raised his plumed head —
    Blessed Mary! can it be? —
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers,
    With fearless step and free.
She dared not sign, she dared not speak —
O, if one page's slumbers break,
  His blood the price must pay!
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,.
  Shall buy his life a day.

XII

Yet was his hazard small; for well
You may bethink you of the spell
  Of that sly urchin page:
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
  A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged, thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he crossed,
  For all the vassalage;
But O, what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!
  She started from her seat;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love —
  Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII

Oft have I mused what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
  To bring this meeting round,
For happy love 's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
  In such no joy is found;
And oft I 've deemed, perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
  Sorrow and sin and shame,

And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight.
And to the gentle Ladye bright
Disgrace and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well.
True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes soon as granted fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind. —
Now leave we Margaret and her knight,
To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan;
In haste the deadly strife to view,
The trooping warriors eager ran:
Thick round the lists their lances stood,
Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood;
To Branksome many a look they threw,
The combatants' approach to view,

And bandied many a word of boast
About the knight each favoured most.

XV

Meantime full anxious was the dame;
For now arose disputed claim
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane.
They gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent;
But yet not long the strife — for, lo!
Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
Strong, as it seemed, and free from pain,
In armour sheathed from top to toe,
Appeared and craved the combat due.
The dame her charm successful knew,
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI

When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately Ladye's silken rein
Did noble Howard hold;
Unarmed by her side he walked,
And much in courteous phrase they talked
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb — his Flemish ruff

Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slashed and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Called noble Howard Belted Will.

XVII

Behind Lord Howard and the dame
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose footcloth swept the ground;
White was her wimple and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound;
The lordly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broidered rein.
He deemed she shuddered at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight;
But cause of terror, all unguessed,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
The dame and she the barriers graced.

XVIII

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch
An English knight led forth to view;
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
So much he longed to see the fight.
Within the lists in knightly pride
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
Their leading-staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field,
While to each knight their care assigned
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In King and Queen and Warden's name,
That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look or sign or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life;
And not a breath the silence broke
Till thus the alternate heralds spoke: —

XIX

ENGLISH HERALD

'Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.

He sayeth that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God and his good cause!'

XX

SCOTTISH HERALD

'Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth that foul treason's stain,
Since he bore arms ne'er soiled his coat;
And that, so help him God above!
He will on Musgrave's body prove
He lies most foully in his throat.'

LORD DACRE

'Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets!'

LORD HOME

'God defend the right!' —
Then, Teviot, how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid-list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close!

XXI

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood poured down from many a wound;
For desperate was the strife and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight;
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
And scorned, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.

XXII

'T is done, 't is done! that fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain;
He strives to rise — brave Musgrave, no!
Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood — some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp! —
O, bootless aid! — haste, holy friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!

Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

XXIII

In haste the holy friar sped; —
His naked foot was dyed with red,
As through the lists he ran;
Unmindful of the shouts on high
That hailed the conqueror's victory,
He raised the dying man;
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer;
And still the crucifix on high
He holds before his darkening eye;
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His faltering penitence to hear;
Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still, even when soul and body part,
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God!
Unheard he prays; — the death-pang's o'er!
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;

His beaver did he not unclasp,
Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.
When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands;
And all, amid the thronged array,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran:
He crossed the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard looked around,
As dizzy and in pain;
And all upon the armed ground
Knew William of Deloraine!
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed;
Vaulted each marshal from his steed;
'And who art thou,' they cried,
'Who hast this battle fought and won?'
His plumed helm was soon undone — '
'Cranstoun of Teviot-side!
For this fair prize I've fought and won,' —
And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV

Full oft the rescued boy she kissed,
And often pressed him to her breast,

For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbbed at every blow;
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deigned she greet,
Though low he kneeled at her feet.
Me lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said —
For Howard was a generous foe —
And how the clan united prayed
The Ladye would the feud forego,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI

She looked to river, looked to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still:
'Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me;
Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quelled and love is free.'
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand;
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she:
'As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine!
This clasp of love our bond shall be,
For this is your betrothing day,

And all these noble lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company.'

XXVII

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain:
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
And of his page, and of the book
Which from the wounded knight he took;
And how he sought her castle high,
That morn, by help of gramarye;
How, in Sir William's armour dight,
Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,
He took on him the single fight.
But half his tale he left unsaid,
And lingered till he joined the maid.
Cared not the Ladye to betray
Her mystic arts in view of day;
But well she thought, ere midnight came,
Of that strange page the pride to tame,
From his foul hands the book to save,
And send it back to Michael's grave.
Needs not to tell each tender word
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;
Nor how she told of former woes,
And how her bosom fell and rose
While he and Musgrave bandied blows.

Needs not these lovers' joys to tell;
One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII

William of Deloraine some chance
Had wakened from his deathlike trance,
And taught that in the listed plain
Another, in his arms and shield,
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
Under the name of Deloraine.
Hence to the field unarmed he ran,
And hence his presence scared the clan,
Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
And not a man of blood and breath.
Not much this new ally he loved,
Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
He greeted him right heartilie:
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude and scant of courtesy;
In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe.
And so 't was seen of him e'en now,
When on dead Musgrave he looked down:

Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
Though half disguised with a frown;
And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
His foeman's epitaph he made:

XXIX

'Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here,
I ween, my deadly enemy;
For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slew'st a sister's son to me;
And when I lay in dungeon dark
Of Naworth Castle long months three,
Till ransomed for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
And thou wert now alive, as I,
No mortal man should us divide,
Till one, or both, of us did die:
Yet rest thee God! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,
Thou wert the best to follow gear.
'T was pleasure, as we looked behind,
To see how thou the chase couldst wind,
Cheer the dark bloodhound on his way,

And with the bugle rouse the fray![1]
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again.'

XXX

So mourned he till Lord Dacre's band
Were bowning back to Cumberland.
They raised brave Musgrave from the field
And laid him on his bloody shield;
On levelled lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;
Behind, four priests in sable stole
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul;
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
And thus the gallant knight they bore
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore,
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though hushed the song,
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a-near,

[1] See Note 123.

Naworth Castle

Now meets, and now eludes the ear,
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep,
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell
Why he, who touched the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The aged harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it ranked so high
Above his flowing poesy:
Less liked he still that scornful jeer
Misprized the land he loved so dear;
High was the sound as thus again
The bard resumed his minstrel strain.

CANTO SIXTH

I

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
  From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

II

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

III

Not scorned like me, to Branksome Hall
The minstrels came at festive call;
Trooping they came from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war;
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan
They blew their death-note in the van,
But now for every merry mate

Rose the portcullis' iron grate;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV

Me lists not at this tide declare
The splendour of the spousal rite,
How mustered in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight;
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furred with miniver;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringing chainlets sound:
And hard it were for bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek,
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise!

V

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh,
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she feared each holy place.
False slanders these: — I trust right well,

She wrought not by forbidden spell,[1]
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour;
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
But this for faithful truth I say, —
The Ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroidered and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;
A merlin sat upon her wrist,[2]
Held by a leash of silken twist.

VI

The spousal rites were ended soon;
'T was now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshalled the rank of every guest;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share:
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave,[3]

[1] See Note 124. [2] See Note 125. [3] See Note 126.

And cygnet from Saint Mary's wave,[1]
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within!
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery:
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed,
Loudly they spoke and loudly laughed;
Whispered young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perched on beam,
The clamour joined with whistling scream,
And flapped their wings and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

VII

The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy;
Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,

[1] See Note 127.

By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humour highly crossed
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote with his gauntlet stout Hunthill,[1]
A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-Sword.
He took it on the page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose;
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove [2] and shook his head.
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrad, cold, and drenched in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found:
Unknown the manner of his death,
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
But ever from that time, 't was said,
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII

The dwarf, who feared his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espie,
Now sought the castle buttery,

[1] See Note 128. [2] See Note 129.

Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revelled as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinlinn there did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes;[1]
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard's merrymen sent it round.
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
'A deep carouse to yon fair bride!'
At every pledge, from vat and pail,
Foamed forth in floods the nut-brown ale,
While shout the riders every one;
Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,[2]
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

IX

The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remembered him of Tinlinn's yew,
And swore it should be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
Told how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheered his wife;

[1] See Note 130. [2] See Note 131.

Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
At unawares he wrought him harm;
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dashed from his lips his can of beer;
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
With bodkin pierced him to the bone:
The venomed wound and festering joint
Long after rued that bodkin's point.
The startled yeoman swore and spurned,
And board and flagons overturned.
Riot and clamour wild began;
Back to the hall the urchin ran,
Took in a darkling nook his post,
And grinned, and muttered, 'Lost! lost! lost!'

X

By this, the dame, lest further fray
Should mar the concord of the day,
Had bid the minstrels tune their lay.
And first stepped forth old Albert Græme,[1]
The minstrel of that ancient name:
Was none who struck the harp so well
Within the Land Debatable;
Well friended too, his hardy kin,
Whoever lost, were sure to win;

[1] See Note 132.

They sought the beeves that made their broth
In Scotland and in England both.
In homely guise, as nature bade,
His simple song the Borderer said.

XI

ALBERT GRÆME

It was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall) [1]
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight be lord of all!

[1] See Note 133.

XII

That wine she had not tasted well,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all.

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall; —
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

XIII

As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port,
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay
Renowned in haughty Henry's court:

There rung thy harp, unrivalled long,
Fitztraver of the silver song!
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre [1] —
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV

They sought together climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,
When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant stayed,
And deemed that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody;
So sweet did harp and voice combine
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV

Fitztraver, O, what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey of the deathless lay
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew?

[1] See Note 134.

Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp called wrath and vengeance down.
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades and courtly bowers,
And, faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came;
Lord William's foremost favourite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI

FITZTRAVER

'T was All-souls's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised by his art
To show to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean grim;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark if still she loved and still she thought of him.

XVII

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might,

On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright;
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watch-light by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX

Fair all the pageant — but how passing fair
The slender form which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And pensive read from tablet eburnine
Some strain that seemed her inmost soul to find:
That favoured strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form the Lady Geraldine.

XX

Slow rolled the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away —
So royal envy rolled the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plundered shrine,
The murdered Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

XXI

Both Scots and Southern chiefs prolong
Applauses of Fitztraver's song;
These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith.
Then from his seat with lofty air
Rose Harold, bard of brave Saint Clair, —
Saint Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades;
Where erst Saint Clairs held princely sway[1]
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay; —
Still nods their palace to its fall,[2]
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall! —

[1] See Note 135. [2] See Note 136.

Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,
As if grim Odin rode her wave,
And watched the whilst, with visage pale
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail;
For all of wonderful and wild
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII

And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might Fancy cull;
For thither came in times afar
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,
The Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,
Skilled to prepare the raven's food,
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave;[1]
And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Scald had told his wondrous tale,
And many a Runic column high
Had witnessed grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold in his youth
Learned many a Saga's rhyme uncouth, —
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curled,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;[2]
Of those dread Maids[3] whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell;

[1] See Note 137. [2] See Note 138. [3] See Note 139.

Of chiefs who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransacked the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold,[1]
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
And bade the dead arise to arms!
With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learned a milder minstrelsy;
Yet something of the Northern spell
Mixed with the softer numbers well.

XXIII

HAROLD

O, listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.[2]

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,[3]
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;

[1] See Note 140. [2] See Note 141. [3] See Note 142.

The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?'

''T is not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

''T is not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 't is not filled by Rosabelle.'

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'T was broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'T was seen from Dreyden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.[1]

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair —
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold —
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

[1] See Note 143.

XXIV

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce marked the guests the darkened hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all.
It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drained by the sun from fen or bog;
Of no eclipse had sages told;
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
Could scarce his own stretched hand behold.
A secret horror checked the feast,
And chilled the soul of every guest;
Even the high dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast;
The elfish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, muttered, 'Found! found! found!'

XXV

Then sudden through the darkened air
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seemed on flame.
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall:
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,

Were instant seen and instant gone;
Full through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flashed the levin-brand,
And filled the hall with smouldering smoke,
As on the elfish page it broke.
It broke with thunder long and loud,
Dismayed the brave, appalled the proud, —
From sea to sea the larum rung;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
To arms the startled warders sprung.
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elfish dwarf was seen no more!

XXVI

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
Some saw a sight, not seen by all;
That dreadful voice was heard by some
Cry, with loud summons, 'GYLBIN, COME!'
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.
The guests in silence prayed and shook,
And terror dimmed each lofty look.
But none of all the astonished train
Was so dismayed as Deloraine:
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,

'T was feared his mind would ne'er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.[1]
At length by fits he darkly told,
With broken hint and shuddering cold,
That he had seen right certainly
A shape with amice wrapped around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;
And knew — but how it mattered not —
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
All trembling heard the wondrous tale:
No sound was made, no word was spoke,
Till noble Angus silence broke;
And he a solemn sacred plight
Did to Saint Bride of Douglas make,[2]
That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite.
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
To some blest saint his prayers addressed:
Some to Saint Modan made their vows,

[1] See Note 144. [2] See Note 145.

Some to Saint Mary of the Lowes,
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
Some to Our Lady of the Isle;
Each did his patron witness make
That he such pilgrimage would take,
And monks should sing and bells should toll,
All for the weal of Michael's soul.
While vows were ta'en and prayers were
prayed,
'T is said the noble dame, dismayed,
Renounced for aye dark magic's aid.

XXVIII

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell;
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Blessed Teviot's Flower and Cranstoun's heir:
After such dreadful scene 't were vain
To wake the notè of mirth again.
More meet it were to mark the day
Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

XXIX

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,

Did every pilgrim go;
The standers-by might hear uneath
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthened row:
No lordly look nor martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown;
Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side,
And there they knelt them down.
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnished niche around
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.

XXX

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy fathers, two and two,
In long procession came;
Taper and host and book they bare,
And holy banner, flourished fair
With the Redeemer's name.

Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred abbot stretched his hand,
And blessed them as they kneeled;
With holy cross he signed them all,
And prayed they might be sage in hall
And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells tolled out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song,
DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA,
While the pealing organ rung.
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy fathers sung:

HYMN FOR THE DEAD

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

HUSHED is the harp — the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No: close beneath proud Newark's tower
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower,
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,

Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath,
When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

NOTES

Note 1, p. 38

The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss Guards on the fatal 10th August, 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorized the progressive injustice, by which the Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people upon the continent, have, at length, been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved. [1812.]

Note 2, p. 46

The fires lighted by the Highlanders, on the 1st of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the pagan times, are termed *the beltane-tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

Note 3, p. 37

I can only describe the second sight by adopting Dr. Johnson's definition, who calls it 'an impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present.' To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

Note 4, p. 50

St. Oran was a friend and follower of St. Columba, and was buried at Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather

dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared that there was neither a God, a judgment, or a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries. Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called *Relig Ouran;* and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions or be buried in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

Note 5, p. 56

St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, etc., in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an Abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour as to afford light to that with which he wrote, — a miracle which saved many candles to the convent as St. Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St. Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7, tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relic, and deposited it in some place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St. Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the *Scots Magazine* for July, 1802, there is a copy of a very curious crown-grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III confirms to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relic of St. Fillan, being apparently the head of a pastoral staff called the Quegrich, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to cure diseases, this document is probably the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, further observes, that additional particulars concerning St. Fillan are to be found in *Bellenden's Boece*, Book IV, folio ccxiii, and in *Pennant's Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp. 11, 15.

Note 6, p. 59

Smaylholme or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylholme Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylholme Tower.

Note 7, p. 59

Lord Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the King of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum-total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers: —

Towns, towers, barnekynes, parysche churches, bastill houses, burned and destroyed,	192
Scots slain,	403
Prisoners taken,	816
Nolt (cattle),	10,386
Shepe,	12,492
Nags and geldings,	1296
Gayt,	200
Bolls of corn,	850
Insight gear, &c. (furniture), an incalculable quantity.	

Murdin's State Papers, vol. I, p. 51.

For these services, Sir Ralph Evers was made a Lord of Parliament.

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors, at Melrose. (Godscroft.) In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland, with an army consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottish-men, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady (a noble and aged woman, says Lesley), and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by Angus, at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of Fife-men. The English, being prob-

ably unwilling to cross the Teviot, while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch, came up at full speed, with a small, but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (to whose conduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement), Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Paniel heugh. The spare horses being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots, in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried precipitately forward, and, having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed, than astonished, to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array, upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: 'O!' exclaimed Angus, 'that I had here my white goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!' (Godscroft.) The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to 'remember Broomhouse!' (Lesley, p. 478.)

In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son; together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence demanded from the city by Henry VIII, was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his

ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch. (Redpath's *Border History*, p. 563.)

Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the Earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas: 'Is our brother-in-law offended?'[1] said he, 'that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers? They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less — and will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry the skirts of Kirnetable: I can keep myself there against all his English host.' (Godscroft.)

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot, on which it was fought, is called Lilyard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:

> Fair maiden, Lylliard lies under this stane,
> Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
> Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
> And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps.
> Vide *Account of the Parish of Melrose.*

It appears from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers, held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. 'I have seen,' says the historian, 'under the broad-seale of the said King Edward I, a manor, called Ketnes, in the county of Forfare, in Scotland, and neere the furthest part of the same nation northward given to John Ure and his heires, ancestor to the Lord Ure, that now is, for his service done in these partes, with market &c. dated at Lanercost, the 20th day of October, anno regis, 34.' (Stowe's *Annals*, p. 210.) This grant, like that of Henry, must have been dangerous to the receiver.

[1] Angus had married the widow of James IV, sister to King Henry VIII.

Note 8, p. 64

Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon Tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies.

Note 9, p. 68

The circumstance of the nun 'who never saw the day,' is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr. Haliburton of Newmains, the Editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr. Erskine of Sheilfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbours that during her absence her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fatlips;* describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded, by the well-informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow that during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745 46, and she nevermore would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being with which its gloom was tenanted by her dis-

turbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night. [1803.]

Note 10, p. 69

The imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred inserting these verses as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.

This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin, author of an *Essay upon Naval Tactics*, who will

be remembered by posterity, as having taught the genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.

Note 11, p. 69

The scene with which the ballad opens was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the *Life of Alexander Peden*, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes which they frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

'About the same time he [Peden] came to Andrew Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head he said, "They are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto"; he halted a little again, saying, "This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!" Then there was a woman went out, ill-looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, what John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture read, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the door, at the back of the *hallan* [partition of the cottage]: immediately he halted and said, "There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!" This person went out, and he *insisted* [went on], yet he saw him neither come in nor go out.'

A friendly correspondent remarks, 'that the incapacity of

proceeding in the performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of much higher antiquity than the era of the Reverend Mr. Alexander Peden.' — *Vide Hygini Fabulas*, cap. 26. '*Medea Corintho exul, Athenas, ad Ægeum Pandionis filium devenit in hospitium, eique nupsit.*

— '*Postea sacerdos Dianæ Medeam exagitare cœpit, regique negebat sacra caste facere posse, eo quod in ea civitate esset mulier venefica et scelerata; tunc exulatur.*'

Note 12, p. 72

The barony of Pennycuick, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence, the family have adopted, as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a Blast.*

Note 13, p. 72

Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennycuick, the present residence of H. Mackenzie, Esq., author of the *Man of Feeling*, etc., [1803.]

Note 14, p. 72

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house of more modern date is enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice, upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which, in former times, were a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London, on foot, in order to visit him.

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source, till it joins the sea at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery. [1803.]

Note 15, p. 75

This ballad was written at the request of Mr. Lewis, to be inserted in his *Tales of Wonder*. It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story, however, is partly historical, for it is recorded that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight Templar called Saint-Alban deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

Note 16, p. 95

This tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Goethe's *Claudina Von Villa Bella*, where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his *Tales of Wonder*.

Note 17, p. 100

The ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the Civil Wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern

to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference; and the state of decay in which they now appear shows that they have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr. Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

'Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already related, and owed his life to the Regent's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the Regent's favourites [Sir James Bellenden, Lord Justice-Clerk], who seized his house and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved at last to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed

on the floor to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, and he paid so much regard to it that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house whence the blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricaded, and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound.' (*History of Scotland*, Book v.)

'Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify the deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous Admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland

to commit murders in France, he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man.' (*Thuanus*, cap. 46.)

The Regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, 'who,' he observes, 'satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him, whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of St. Andrews of its covering'; but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity. (Jebb, vol. II, p. 263.) With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, 'that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lyttle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, according to the vyle trayterous dysposysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes.' (Murdin's *State Papers*, vol. I, p. 197.)

Note 18, p. 102

The head of the family of Hamilton at this period, was James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Chatelherault, in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

Note 19, p. 103

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault and commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate

princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the queen's faction.

NOTE 20, p. 104

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

NOTE 21, p. 105

Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, 'after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke [i.e., ditch], by whilk means he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses.' (*Diary*, p. 18.)

NOTE 22, p. 106

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders.

NOTE 23, p. 106

With gun cocked. The carbine with which the Regent was shot is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece, of a

middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.

Note 24, p. 106

Of this noted person it is enough to say that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

Note 25, p. 106

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray. Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, 'In this batayle the valiancie of an Heiland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the Regent's part in great steede; for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes of the Queen's people, that he was a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtaining pardon through suyte of the Countess of Murray, he recompensed that clemencie by this piece of service now at this batayle.' Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states that 'Macfarlane, with his Highlandmen, fled from the wing where they were set. The Lord Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the Regent's battle, said, "Let them go, I shall fill their place better"; and so, stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the avaunt-guard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight.' (Calderwood's MS. *apud* Keith, p. 480.) Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

Note 26, p. 106

The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the Regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton, whose horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

Note 27, p. 106

Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the Regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation presented to her in Lochleven Castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

Note 28, p. 107

Not only had the Regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd; so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim. (Spottiswoode, p. 233.)

Note 29, p. 108

An oak, half-sawn, with the motto *through*, is an ancient cognizance of the family of Hamilton.

Note 30, p. 112

At Linton, in Roxburghshire, there is a circle of stones surrounding a smooth plot of turf, called the *tryst*, or place of appointment, which tradition avers to have been the rendezvous of the neighbouring warriors. The name of the leader was cut in the turf, and the arrangement of the letters announced to his followers the course which he had taken.

Note 31, p. 115

In the reign of Charles I, when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William Armstrong, called, for distinction's sake, *Christie's Will*, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James V. The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion; and upon some marauding party, he was seized, and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing Christie's Will, inquired the cause of his confinement. Will replied, he was imprisoned for stealing two *tethers* (halters); but, upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged that there were two *delicate colts* at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the Earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Christie's Will from bondage. Some time afterwards, a lawsuit, of importance to Lord Traquair, was to be decided in the Court of Session; and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting-vote, in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the President was unfavourable to Lord Traquair; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma, the Earl had recourse to Christie's Will; who, at once, offered his service to kidnap the president. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air, on horseback, on the sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Christie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Frigate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak, which he had provided, and rode off, with the luckless judge trussed up behind

him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths known only to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle, in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham.[1] The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned, and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog, by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Maudge*, the cat. These, he concluded were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair; and Will was directed to set the president at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more in the cloak, without speaking a single word, and, using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court, to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion, that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Maudge* and *Batty* — the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but, in those disorderly times, it was only laughed at, as a fair *ruse de guerre*.

Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge, upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised, was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the reports, well known in the Scottish law, under the title of *Durie's Decisions*. He was

[1] It stands upon the water of Dryfe, not far from Moffat.

advanced to the station of an ordinary Lord of Session, 10th July 1621, and died, at his own house of Durie, July 1646. Betwixt these periods this whimsical adventure must have happened; a date which corresponds with that of the tradition.

'We may frame,' says Forbes, 'a rational conjecture of his great learning and parts, not only from his collection of the decisions of the Session, from July 1621, till July 1642, but also from the following circumstances: 1. In a tract of more as twenty years, he was frequently chosen vice-president, and no other lord in that time. 2. 'T is commonly reported, that some party, in a considerable action before the Session, finding that the Lord Durie could not be persuaded to think his plea good, fell upon a stratagem to prevent the influence and weight which his lordship might have to his prejudice, by causing some strong masked men kidnap him, in the I inks of Leith, at his diversion on a Saturday afternoon, and transport him to some blind and obscure room in the country, where he was detained captive, without the benefit of daylight, a matter of three months (though otherwise civilly and well entertained); during which time his lady and children went in mourning for him as dead. But after the cause aforesaid was decided, the Lord Durie was carried back by incognitos, and dropt in the same place where he had been taken up.' (Forbes's *Journal of the Session*, Edin. 1714. *Preface*, p. 28.)

Tradition ascribes to Christie's Will another memorable feat, which seems worthy of being recorded. It is well known that, during the troubles of Charles I. the Earl of Traquair continued unalterably fixed in his attachment to his unfortunate master, in whose service he hazarded his person and impoverished his estate. It was of consequence, it is said, to the King's service, that a certain packet, containing papers of importance, should be transmitted to him from Scotland. But the task was a difficult one, as the Parliamentary leaders used their utmost endeavours to prevent any communication betwixt the King and his Scottish friends. Traquair, in this strait, again had recourse to the service of Christie's Will; who undertook the commission, conveyed

the papers safely to his majesty, and received an answer, to be delivered to Lord Traquair. But, in the meantime, his embassy had taken air, and Cromwell had despatched orders to intercept him at Carlisle. Christie's Will, unconscious of his danger, halted in the town to refresh his horse, and then pursued his journey. But, as soon as he began to pass the long, high, and narrow bridge which crosses the Eden at Carlisle, either end of the pass was occupied by a party of Parliamentary soldiers, who were lying in wait for him. The Borderer disdained to resign his enterprise, even in these desperate circumstances; and at once forming his resolution, spurred his horse over the parapet. The river was in high flood. Will sunk — the soldiers shouted — he emerged again, and guiding his horse to a steep bank, called the Stanners, or Stanhouse, endeavoured to land, but ineffectually, owing to his heavy horseman's cloak, now drenched in water. Will cut the loop, and the horse, feeling himself disembarrassed, made a desperate exertion, and succeeded in gaining the bank. Our hero set off, at full speed, pursued by the troopers, who had for a time stood motionless in astonishment, at his temerity. Will, however, was well mounted; and, having got the start, he kept it, menacing, with his pistols, any pursuer who seemed likely to gain on him — an artifice which succeeded, although the arms were wet and useless. He was chased to the river Esk, which he swam without hesitation; and, finding himself on Scottish ground, and in the neighbourhood of friends, he turned on the northern bank, and, in the true spirit of a border-rider, invited his followers to come through, and drink with him. After this taunt, he proceeded on his journey, and faithfully accomplished his mission. Such were the exploits of the very last Border freebooter of any note.

The reader is not to regard the ballad as of genuine and unmixed antiquity, though some stanzas are current upon the Border, in a corrupted state. They have been eked and joined together in the rude and ludicrous manner of the original; but it must be considered as, on the whole, a modern ballad.

Note 32, p. 119

'As for the rencounter betwixt Mr. Williamson, schoolmaster at Cowper (who has wrote a grammar), and the Rosicrucians, I never trusted it, till I heard it from his own son, who is present minister of Kirkaldy. He tells, that a stranger came to Cowper and called for him: after they had drank a little, and the reckoning came to be paid, he whistled for spirits; one, in the shape of a boy, came, and gave him gold in abundance; no servant was seen riding with him to the town, nor enter with him into the inn. He caused his spirits, against next day, bring him noble Greek wine from the Pope's cellar, and tell the freshest news then at Rome; then trysted Mr. Williamson at London, who met the same man in a coach, near to London Bridge, and who called on him by his name; he marvelled to see any know him there; at last he found it was his Rosicrucian. He pointed to a tavern, and desired Mr. Williamson to do him the favour to dine with him at that house; whither he came at twelve o'clock, and found him and many others of good fashion there, and a most splendid and magnificent table, furnished with all the varieties of delicate meats, where they are all served by spirits. At dinner, they debated upon the excellency of being attended by spirits; and, after dinner, they proposed to him to assume him into their society, and make him participant of their happy life; but among the other conditions and qualifications requisite, this was one, that they demanded his abstracting his spirit from all materiality, and renouncing his baptismal engagements. Being amazed at this proposal, he falls a-praying; whereat they all disappear, and leave him alone. Then he began to forethink what would become of him, if he were left to pay that vast reckoning; not having as much on him as would defray it. He calls the boy, and asks, what was become of these gentlemen, and what was to pay? He answered, there was nothing to pay, for they had done it, and were gone about their affairs in the city.' (*Fountainhall's Decisions*, vol. I, p. 15.) With great deference to the learned reporter, this story has all the ap-

pearance of a joke upon the poor schoolmaster, calculated at once to operate upon his credulity, and upon his fears of being left in pawn for the reckoning.

Note 33, p. 119

Besides the prophetic powers ascribed to the gipsies in most European countries, the Scottish peasants believe them possessed of the power of throwing upon bystanders a spell, to fascinate their eyes, and cause them to see the thing that is not. Thus in the old ballad of 'Johnie Faa,' the elopement of the Countess of Cassillis, with a gipsy leader, is imputed to fascination: —

> As sune as they saw her weel-far'd face,
> They cast the *glamour* ower her.

Saxo Grammaticus mentions a particular sect of *Mathematicians*, as he is pleased to call them, who, *per summam ludificandorum oculorum peritiam, proprios alienosque vultus, variis rerum imaginibus, adumbrare callebant; illicibusque formis veros obscurare conspectus.*' Merlin, the son of Ambrose, was particularly skilled in this art, and displays it often in the old metrical romance of *Arthour and Merlin:* —

> Tho' thai com the Kinges neighe
> Merlin hef his heued on heighe
> And kest on hem enchauntement
> That he hem alle allmest blent
> That none other sen no might
> A gret while y you plight, etc.

The *jongleurs* were also great professors of this mystery, which has in some degree descended, with their name, on the modern jugglers. But durst Breslaw, the Sieur Boaz, or Katterfelto himself, have encountered, in a magical sleight, the *tragetoures* of Father Chaucer, who

> ——— within a hall large
> Have made come in a water and a barge,
> And in the halle rowen up and down;
> Somtime hath seemed come a grim leoun,
> And somtime flowres spring as in a mede,
> Somtime a vine and grapes white and rede,
> Somtime a castel al of lime and ston;
> And when hem liketh voideth it anon.
> Thus seemeth it to every mannes sight.
>
> *Frankeleene's Tale.*

And again, the prodigies exhibited by the Clerk of Orleans to Aurelius: —

> He shewd him or they went to soupere
> Forestes, parkes, ful of wilde dere;
> Ther saw he hartes with hir hornes hie,
> The gretest that were ever seen with eie:
> He saw of hem an hundred slain with houndes,
> And some with arwes blede of bitter woundes;
> He saw, when voided were the wilde dere,
> Thise fauconers upon a fair rivere,
> That with hir haukes han the heron slain:
> Tho saw he knightes justen on a plain;
> And after this he did him swiche plesance,
> That he him shewd his lady on a dance,
> On which himselven danced, as him thought:
> And whan this maister that this magike wrought
> Saw it was time, he clapt his handes two,
> And farewell! all the revel is ago.
> And yet remued they never out of the house,
> While they saw all thise sights merveillous:
> But in his studie ther his bookes be,
> They saten still and no wight but this three.
>
> *Ibid.*

Our modern professors of the *magic natural* would likewise have been sorely put down by the *Jogulours* and *Enchantours* of the *Grete Chan;* 'for they maken to come in the air the sone and the mone, beseminge to every mannes sight; and aftre, they maken the nyght so dirke, that no man may se nothing; and aftre, they maken the day to come agen, fair and plesant, with bright sone to every mannes sight; and than, they bringen in daunces of the fairest damyselles of the world, and richest arrayed; and aftre, they maken to comen in other damyselles, bringing coupes of gold, fulle of mylke of diverse bestes; and geven drinke to lordes and to ladyes; and than they maken knyghtes to justen in armes fulle lustyly; and they rennen togidre a gret randoun, and they frusschen togidre full fiercely, and they broken her speres so rudely, that the trenchouns flen in sprotis and pieces alle aboute the halle; and than they make to come in hunting for the hert and for the boor, with houndes renning with open mouthe: and many other things they dow of her enchauntements, that it is marveyle for to see.' (Sir John Mandeville's *Travels*, p. 285.)

I question much, also, if the most artful *illuminatus* of Ger-

many could have matched the prodigies exhibited by Pacolet and Adramain, "*Adonc Adramain leva une cappe par dessus une pillier, et en telle sort, qu'il sembla a ceux qui furent presens, que parmi la place couroit une riviere fort grande et terrible. Et en icelle riviere sembloit avoir poissons en grand abondance, grands et petits. Et quand ceux de palais virent l'eau si grande, ils commencerent tous a lever leur robes, et a crier fort, comme s' ils eussent eu peur d'estre noyés; et Pacolet, qui l'enchantement regarda, commenca a chanter, et fit en sort si subtil en son chant qu'il sembla a tous ceux de lieu que parmy la riviere couroit un cerf grand et cornu, qui jettoit et abbatoit a terre tout ce que devant lui trouvoit, puis leur fut advis que voyoyent chasseurs et veneurs courir apris le Cerf, avec grande puissance de levriers et des chiens. Lors y eut plusieurs de la campagnie qui saillirent au devant pour le Cerf attraper et cuyder prendre; mais Pacolet fist tost le Cerf sailer. "Bien avez joué," dit Orson, "et bien scavez vostre art user."*" (*L'Histoire des Valentin et Orson*, à Rouen, 1631.)

The receipt, to prevent the operation of these deceptions, was, to use a sprig of four-leaved clover. I remember to have heard (certainly very long ago, for at that time I believed the legend), that a gipsy exercised his glamour over a number of people at Haddington, to whom he exhibited a common dunghill cock, trailing, what appeared to the spectators, a massy oaken trunk. An old man passed with a cart of clover; he stopped, and picked out a four-leaved blade; the eyes of the spectators were opened, and the oaken trunk appeared to be a bulrush.

Note 34, p. 119

Human nature shrinks from the brutal scenes produced by the belief in witchcraft. Under the idea that the devil imprinted upon the body of his miserable vassals a mark, which was insensible to pain, persons were employed to run needles into the bodies of the old women who were suspected of witchcraft. In the dawning of common sense upon this subject, a complaint was made before the Privy Council of Scotland, 11th September,

1678, by Catherine Liddell, a poor woman, against the Baron-bailie of Preston Grange, and David Cowan (a professed pricker), for having imprisoned, and most cruelly tortured her. They answered, 1st, she was searched by her own consent, *et volenti non fit injuria;* 2d, the pricker had learned his trade from Kincaid, a famed pricker; 3d, he never acted, but when called upon by magistrates or clergymen, so what he did was *auctore prætore;* 4th, his trade was lawful; 5th, Perkins, Delrio, and all divines and lawyers, who treat of witchcraft, assert the existence of the marks, or *stigmata sagarum;* and, 6thly, were it otherwise, *Error communis facit jus.* — Answered, 1st, denies consent; 2d, nobody can validly consent to their own torture; for *Nemo est dominus membrorum suorum;* 3d, the pricker was a common cheat. The last arguments prevailed: and it was found, that inferior 'judges might not use any torture, by pricking, or by withholding them from sleep'; the council reserving all that to themselves, the justices, and those acting by commission from them. But Lord Durie, a judge of the Court of Session, could have no share in such inflictions.

Note 35, p. 121

Few personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Ercildoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer.* Uniting, or supposing to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give anything like a certain history of this remarkable man would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birthplace, of this ancient bard, was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The*

Rhymer was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon the subject. In a charter, the son of our poet designed himself 'Thomas of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun,' which seems to imply that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper surnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the Border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when surnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little further back than Mr. Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 (*List of Scottish Poets*), which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoune, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead, since we find the son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation [1]

[1] The lines alluded to are these: —

I hope that Thomas's prophecie,
Of Erceldoun, shall truly be,
In him, etc.

as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr. Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness. (*Chartulary of Melrose.*)

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Wintown's *Chronicle* —

> Of this fycht quilum spak Thomas
> Of Ersyldoune, that sayd in derne,
> There suld meit stalwartly, starke and sterne.
> He sayd it in his prophecy;
> But how he wist it was *ferly*.
>
> Book VIII, chap. 32.

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel) in Wintown's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington, which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the Prior of Lochleven.[1]

[1] Henry the Minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge: —

> Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than
> With the minister, which was a worthy man.
> He used oft to that religious place;
> The people deemed of wit he meikle can,
> And so he told, though that they bless or ban,
> In rule of war whether they tint or wan:
> Which happened sooth in many divers case;
> I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
> It may be deemed by division of grace, etc.
>
> *History of Wallace*, Book II.

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the Queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge, which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still 'drees his weird' in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration paid to his dwelling-place even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the Editor unpardonable to dismiss a person so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some further notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad.

It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the Editor has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of canto, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer: and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind, to the Land of Faëry.

NOTE 36, p. 124

The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal tree of knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

NOTE 37, p. 126

The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland concerning the fate of James IV is well known.

NOTE 38, p. 127

One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:

The burn of breid
Shall run fou reid.

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock* to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

NOTE 39, p. 129

An ancient tower near Ercildoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus: —

Vengeance! Vengeance! when and where?
On the house of Coldingknow, now and evermair!

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody called the *Broom o' the Cowdenknows*.

Note 40, p. 133

An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of *Thomas the Rhymer*, the Fairy Queen thus addresses him: —

> Gin ye wad meet wi' me again,
> Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnalie.

Note 41, p. 139

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Note 42, p. 164

In the reign of James I, Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Brankholm,[1] lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch,[2] and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford, confirmed by Rob-

[1] Branxholm is the proper name of the barony; but Branksome has been adopted, as suitable to the pronunciation, and more proper for poetry.

[2] There are no vestiges of any building at Buccleuch, except the site of a chapel, where, according to a tradition current in the time of Scott of Satchells, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a mill near this solitary spot; an extraordinary circumstance, as little or no corn grows within several miles of Buccleuch. Satchells says it was used to grind corn for the hounds of the chieftain.

ert III, 3d May, 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter, a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregrious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he drily remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanche for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the King against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d February, 1443; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inglis, Branksome became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family. The castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor. But, in 1570–1, the vengeance of Elizabeth, provoked by the inroads of Buccleuch, and his attachment to the cause of Queen Mary, destroyed the castle, and laid waste the lands of Branksome. In the same year the castle was repaired and enlarged by Sir Walter Scott, its brave possessor; but the work was not completed until after his death, in 1574, when the widow finished the building. This appears from the following inscriptions. Around a stone, bearing the arms of Scott of Buccleuch, appears the following legend:

"Sir W. Scott of Branxheim Knyt or of Sir William Scott of Kirkard Knyt vegan ye work upon ye 24 of Marche 1571 zier quha departit at God's pleisour ye 17 April 1574."

On a similar copartment are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with this inscription, 'DAME MARGARET DOUGLAS HIS SPOUS COMPLETIT THE FORSAID WORK IN OCTOBER 1576.' Over an arched door is inscribed the following moral verse: —

In. varld. is. nocht. nature. hes. vrought. pat. sal. lest. ay.
Tharefore. serve. God. keip. veil. pe. rod. thy. fame. sal. norbt. dekay.
Sir Walter Scot of Branrholm knight. Margaret Douglas. 1571.

Branksome Castle continued to be the principal seat of the Buccleuch family, while security was any object in their choice of a mansion. It has since been the residence of the Commissioners, or Chamberlains, of the family. From the various alterations which the building has undergone, it is not only greatly restricted in its dimensions, but retains little of the castellated form, if we except one square tower of massy thickness, the only part of the original building which now remains. The whole forms a handsome modern residence, lately inhabited by my deceased friend, Adam Ogilvy, Esq., of Hartwoodmyres, Commissioner of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

The extent of the ancient edifice can still be traced by some vestiges of its foundation, and its strength is obvious from the situation, on a deep bank surrounded by the Teviot and flanked by a deep ravine, formed by a precipitous brook. It was anciently surrounded by wood, as appears from the survey of Roxburghshire, made for Pont's Atlas, and preserved in the Advocates' Library. This wood was cut about fifty years ago, but is now replaced by the thriving plantations, which have been formed by the noble proprietor, for miles around the ancient mansion of his forefathers.

NOTE 43, p. 164

The ancient Barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour, and from their frontier situation, retained in their household, at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name,

who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle. Satchells tells us, in his doggrel poetry,

> No baron was better served in Britain;
> The barons of Buckleugh they kept their call,
> Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall,
> All being of his name and kin;
> Each two had a servant to wait upon them;
> Before supper and dinner, most renowned,
> The bells rung and the trumpets sowned;
> Ane more than that, I do confess,
> They kept four and twenty pensioners.
> Think not I lie, nor do me blame,
> For the pensioners I can all name:
> There's men alive, elder than I,
> They know if I speak truth, or lie.
> Every pensioner a room [1] did gain,
> For service done and to be done;
> This let the reader understand,
> The name both of the men and land,
> Which they possessed, it is of truth,
> Both from the Lairds and Lords of Buckleugh.

Accordingly, dismounting from his Pegasus, Satchells gives us, in prose, the names of twenty-four gentlemen, younger brothers of ancient families, who were pensioners to the house of Buccleuch, and describes the lands which each possessed for his Border service. In time of war with England, the garrison was doubtless augmented. Satchells adds, 'These twenty-three pensioners, all of his own name of Scott, and Walter Gladstanes of Whitelaw, a near cousin of my lord's, as aforesaid, were ready on all occasions, when his honour pleased cause to advertise them. It is known to many of the country better than it is to me, that the rent of these lands, which the Lairds and Lords of Buccleuch did freely bestow upon their friends, will amount to above twelve or fourteen thousand merks a year.' (*History of the Name of Scott*, p. 45.) An immense sum in those times.

Note 44, p. 165

'Of a truth,' says Froissart, 'the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of

[1] *Room*, portion of land.

need, they give heavy strokes.' The Jedwood-axe was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

Note 45, p. 166

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbours. The following letter from the Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII in 1533, gives an account of a successful inroad of the English, in which the country was plundered up to the gates of the castle, although the invaders failed in their principal object, which was to kill, or make prisoner, the Laird of Buccleuch. It occurs in the Cotton MS. *Calig.* B. VIII, f. 222.

'Pleaseth yt your most gracious highness to be aduertised, that my comptroller, with Raynald Carnaby, desyred licence of me to invade the realme of Scotland, for the annoysaunce of your highnes enemys, where they thought best exploit by theyme might be done, and to haue to concur withe theyme the inhabitants of Northumberland, suche as was towards me according to theyre assembly, and as by theyre discretions vpone the same they shulde thinke most convenient; and soo they dyde meet vppon Monday, before night, being the iii day of this instant monethe, at Wawhope, upon Northe Tyne water, above Tyndaill, where they were to the number of xv c men, and soo invadet Scotland at the hour of viii of the clok at nyght, at a place called Whele Causay; and before xi of the clok dyd send forth a forrey of Tyndaill and Ryddisdail, and laide all the resydewe in a bushment, and actyvely did set vpon a towne called Branxholm, where the Lord of Buclough dwellythe, and purpesed theymeselves with a trayne for hym lyke to his accustomed manner, in rysynge to all frayes; albeit, that knyght he was not at home, and so they brynt the said Branxholm, and other townes, as to say Whichestre, Whichestre-helme, and Whelley, and haid

ordered theymeself, soo that sundry of the said Lord Buclough's servants, who dyd issue fourthe of his gates, was takyn prisoners. They dyd not leve one house, one stak of corne, nor one shyef, without the gate of the said Lord Buclough vnbrynt; and thus scrymaged and frayed, supposing the Lord of Buclough to be within iii or iiii myles to have trayned him to the bushment; and soo in the breyking of the day dyd the forrey and the bushment mete, and reculed homeward, making theyr way westward from theyre invasion to be over Lyddersdaill, as intending yf the fray frome theyre furst entry by the Scotts waiches, or otherwyse by warnying, shulde haue bene gyven to Gedworth and the countrey of Scotland theyreabouts of theyre invasion: whiche Gedworth is from the Wheles Causay vi myles, that thereby the Scotts shulde have comen further vnto theyme, and more out of ordre; and soo upon sundry good considerations, before they entered Lyddersdaill, as well accompting the inhabitants of the same to be towards your highness, and to enforce theyme the more thereby, as alsoo to put an occasion of suspect to the Kinge of Scotts, and his counsaill, to be taken anenst theyme, amonges theymeselves, made proclamacions, commanding, vpon payne of dethe, assurance to be for the said inhabitants of Lyddersdaill, without any prejudice or hurt to be done by any Inglysman vnto theyme, and soo in good ordre abowte the howre of ten of the clok before none, vppone Tewisday, dyd pass through the said Lyddersdail, when dyd come diverse of the said inhabitants there to my servauntes, under the said assurance, offerring theymselfs with any service they couthe make; and thus, thanks be to Godde, your highnes' subjects, abowte the howre of xii of the clok at none the same daye, came into this your highnes realme, bringing wt theyme above xl Scottsmen prisoners, one of theyme named Scot, of the surname and kyn of the said Lord of Buclough, and of his howsehold; they brought also ccc nowte, and above lx horse and mares, keping in savetie frome losse or hurte all your said highnes subjects. There were alsoo a towne, called Newbyggins, by diverse fotmen of Tyndaill and Ryddesdaill, takyn vp of the night, and spoyled, when was slayne ii Scottsmen of the said towne, and

many Scotts there hurte; your highnes subjects was xiii myles within the grounde of Scotlande, and is from my house at Werkworthe, above lx miles of the most evil passage, where great snawes doth lye; heretofore the same townes now brynt haith not at any tyme in the mynd of man in any warrs been enterprised unto nowe; your subjects were thereto more encouraged for the better advancement of your highnes service, the said Lord of Buclough beyng always a mortall enemy to this your Graces realme, and he dyd say, within xiii days before, he woulde see who durst lye near hym; wt many other cruell words, the knowledge whereof was certainly haid to my said servaunts, before they reenterprice maid vpon him; most humbly beseeching your majesty, that youre highnes thanks may concur vnto theyme, whose names be here inclosed, and to have in your most gracious memory, the paynfull and diligent service of my pore servaunte Wharton, and thus, as I am most bounden, shall dispose wt them that be under me f. . . . annoysaunce of your highnes enemys.' In resentment of this foray, Buccleuch, with other Border chiefs, assembled an army of 3000 riders, with which they penetrated into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the banks of Bramish. They baffled, or defeated, the English forces opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey. (Pinkerton's *History*, vol. II, p. 318.)

Note 46, p. 166

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron, and Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, the history of which is necessary, to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

In the year 1526, in the words of Pitscottie, 'the Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the King (James V, then a minor) was heavily displeased, and would fain

have been out of their hands, if he might by any way: And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and secret letter with his own hand, and sent it to the Laird of Buccleuch, beseeching him that he would come with his kin and friends, and all the force that he might be, and meet him at Melross, at his home-passing, and there to take him out of the Douglasses hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the lave (*rest*) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

'This letter was quietly directed, and sent by one of the King's own secret servants, which was received very thankfully by the Laird of Buccleuch, who was very glad thereof, to be put to such charges and familiarity with his prince, and did great diligence to perform the King's writing, and to bring the matter to pass as the King desired: And, to that effect, convened all his kin and friends, and all that would do for him, to ride with him to Melross, when he knew of the King's homecoming. And so he brought with him six hundred spears, of Liddesdale, and Annandale, and countrymen, and clans thereabout, and held themselves quiet while that the King returned out of Jedburgh, and came to Melross, to remain there all that night.

'But when the Lord Hume, Cessfoord, and Fernyherst, (the chiefs of the clan of Kerr), took their leave of the King, and returned home, then appeared the Lord of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the King's petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Haliden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvelled what the matter meant; while at the last they knew the Laird of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less affeared, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the King in this manner, "Sir, yon is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your Grace from the gate" (i. e. interrupt your passage.) "I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this know, and my brother George with you, with

any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put yon thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it." The King tarried still, as was devised; and George Douglas with him, and sundry other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the King's own servants; but all the lave (*rest*) past with the Earl of Angus to the field against the Laird of Buccleuch, who joyned and countered cruelly both the said parties in the field of Darnelinver,[1] either against other, with uncertain victory. But at the last, the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter how it stood, returned again to the King in all possible haste, with him the Lairds of Cessfoord and Fernyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the Laird of Buccleuch's field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground; which caused the Laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased; and especially the Lairds of Cessfoord and Fernyhirst followed furiouslie, till at the foot of a path the Laird of Cessfoord was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliot, who was then servant to the Laird of Buccleuch. But when the Laird of Cessfoord was slain, the chase ceased. The Earl of Angus returned again with great merriness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and passed with the King to Melross, where they remained all that night. On the morn they past to Edinburgh with the King, who was very sad and dolorous of the slaughter of the Laird of Cessfoord, and many other gentlemen and yeomen slain by the Laird of Buccleuch, containing the number of fourscore and fifteen, which died in defence of the King, and at the command of his writing.'

I am not the first who has attempted to celebrate in verse the renown of this ancient baron, and his hazardous attempt to procure his sovereign's freedom. In a Scottish Latin poet we find the following verses: —

[1] Darnwick, near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skinner's Field, from a corruption of *Skirmish Field*.

VALTERIUS SCOTUS BALCLUCHIUS,

Egregio suscepto facinore, libertate Regis, ac aliis rebus gestis clarus, sub JACOBO V. A°. Christi, 1526.

Intentata aliis, nullique audita priorum
Audet, nec pavidum morsve, metusve quatit,
Libertatem aliis soliti transcribere Regis:
Subreptam hanc Regi restituisse paras;
Si vincis, quanta ô succedunt præmia dextræ!
Sin victus, falsas spes jace, pone animam.
Hostica vis nocuit: stant altæ robora mentis
Atque decus. Vincet, Rege probante, fides.
Insita queis animis virtus, quosque acrior ardor
Obsidet, obscuris nox premat an tenebris?

Heroes ex omni Historia Scotica lectissimi, Auctore Johan. Jonstonio Abredonense Scoto, 1603.

In consequence of the battle of Melrose, there ensued a deadly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Kerr, which, in spite of all means used to bring about an agreement, raged for many years upon the Borders. Buccleuch was imprisoned, and his estates forfeited, in the year 1535, for levying war against the Kerrs, and restored by act of Parliament, dated 15th March, 1542, during the regency of Mary of Lorraine. But the most signal act of violence, to which this quarrel gave rise, was the murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Jerrs in the streets of Edinburgh in 1552. This is the event alluded to in stanza VII; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.

The feud between these two families was not reconciled in 1596, when both chieftains paraded the streets of Edinburgh with their followers, and it was expected their first meeting would decide their quarrel. But, on July 14th of the same year, Colvil, in a letter to Mr. Bacon, informs him, 'that there was great trouble upon the Borders, which would continue till order should be taken by the Queen of England and the King, by reason of the two young Scots chieftains, Cesford and Baclugh, and of the present necessity and scarcity of corn amongst the Scots Borderers and riders. That there had been a private quarrel betwixt those two lairds on the Borders, which was like to have turned to blood; but the fear of the general trouble had reconciled them, and the injuries which they thought to have committed against each other, were now transferred upon England:

not unlike that emulation in France between the Baron de Biron and Mons. Jeverie, who, being both ambitious of honour, undertook more hazardous enterprises against the enemy, than they would have done if they had been at concord together.' (Birch's *Memorials*, vol. II, p. 67.)

Note 47, p. 167

Among other expedients resorted to for staunching the feud betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. I. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

Such pactions were not uncommon in feudal times; and, as might be expected, they were often, as in the present case, void of the effect desired. When Sir Walter Mauny, the renowned follower of Edward III, had taken the town of Ryol in Gascony, he remembered to have heard that his father lay there buried, and offered a hundred crowns to any who could show him his grave. A very old man appeared before Sir Walter, and informed him of the manner of his father's death, and the place of his sepulture. It seems the Lord of Mauny had, at a great tournament, unhorsed, and wounded to the death, a Gascon knight, of the house of Mirepoix, whose kinsman was Bishop of Cambray. For his deed he was held at feud by the relations of the knight, until he agreed to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. But as he returned through the town of Ryol, after accomplishment of his vow, he was beset and treacherously slain, by the kindred of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his father; and, having read the inscription, which was in Latin, he caused the body to be raised, and transported to his native

city of Valenciennes, where masses were, in the days of Froissart, duly said for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim. (Froissart's *Chronycle*, vol. I, p. 123.)

Note 48, p. 168

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr,[1] was very powerful on the Border. Fynes Morrison remarks, in his Travels, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous. Tradition affirms, that it was founded by Halbert, or Habby Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburghe represents Kerr of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief. Hence the distinction betwixt Kerrs of Cessford and Fairnihirst.

Note 49, p. 169

The Cranstouns, Lord Cranstoun, are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Crailing, in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott; for it appears that the Lady of Buccleuch, in 1557, beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.

Note 50, p. 169

The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated

[1] The name is spelt differently by the various families who bear it. Carr is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.

Duc de Sully; and the name was accounted among the most noble in France, while aught noble remained in that country.[1] The family of Bethune, or Beatoun, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates; namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive Archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleugh, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree, that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by faction, the foul accusation, of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards, preserved in Buchanan's Detection, accuses of Darnley's murder 'the Erle of Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, the persoun of Fliske, Mr. David Chalmers, black Mr. John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Quene, assenting thairto, throw the persuasion of the Erle Bothwell, and *the witchcraft of Lady Buckleuch*.'

Note 51, p. 169

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth, in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which, he said, he could charm snakes, and work other miracles; and, in particular, could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes. — See the Examination of Wemyss of Bogie before the Privy Council, concerning Gowrie's Conspiracy.

Note 52, p. 169

The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Goycas informs us, that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go

[1] This expression and sentiment were dictated by the situation of France, in the year 1803, when the poem was originally written. [1821.]

before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit. (Heywood's *Hierarchie*, p. 475.) The vulgar conceive, that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily, that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those who have thus *lost their shadow* always prove the best magicians.

Note 53, p. 169

The Scottish vulgar, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits, residing in the air, or in the waters: to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views. It is said, for example, that a gallant baron, having returned from the Holy Land to his castle of Drummelziar, found his fair lady nursing a healthy child, whose birth did not by any means correspond to the date of his departure. Such an occurrence, to the credit of the dames of the Crusaders be it spoken, was so rare, that it required a miraculous solution. The lady, therefore, was believed, when she averred confidently, that the Spirit of the Tweed had issued from the river while she was walking upon its bank, and compelled her to submit to his embraces: and the name of Tweedie was bestowed upon the child, who afterwards became Baron of Drummelziar, and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits were also ascribed, in Scotland, the

> Airy tongues, that syllable men's names,
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

When the workmen were engaged in erecting the ancient church of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissau, they were surprised to find that the work was impeded

by supernatural obstacles. At length, the Spirit of the River was heard to say,

> It is not here, it is not here,
> That ye shall build the church of Deer;
> But on Taptillery,
> Where many a corpse shall lie.

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Taptillery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced. (Macfarlane's MSS.) I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the River and Mountain Spirits may not, at first sight, seem to accord with the general tone of the romance, and the superstitions of the country where the scene is laid.

Note 54, p. 173

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch's clan. Long after the union of the crowns, the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling.

Fuller includes, among the wonders of Cumberland, 'The moss-troopers: so strange in the condition of their living, if considered in their *Original*, *Increase*, *Height*, *Decay*, and *Ruine*.

'*Original*. I conceive them the same called Borderers in Mr. Camden; and characterised by him to be *a wild and warlike people*. They are called *moss-troopers*, because dwelling in the mosses, and riding in troops together. They dwell in the bounds, or meeting, of the two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither. They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the kalendar.

'2. *Increase*. When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions, betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours. Their sons are free of the trade by their fathers' copy. They are like to Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none

at night, and perchance many again next day. They may give for their motto, *vivitur ex rapto*, stealing from their honest neighbours what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets; strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish janizary; otherwise, woe be to him that falleth into their quarters!

'3. *Height.* Amounting, forty years since, to some thousands. These compelled the vicinage to purchase their security, by paying a constant rent to them. When in their greatest height, they had two great enemies, — *the Laws of the Land*, and the *Lord William Howard of Naworth.* He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the officer *doth always his work by daylight.* Yet these moss-troopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of their common stock, who, in such a case, *cast in their lots amongst themselves, and all have one purse.*

'4. *Decay.* Caused by the wisdom, valour, and diligence of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Tories with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be excused, but commended, by the judicious, who consider how our great lawyer doth describe such persons, who are solemnly outlawed. (Bracton, lib. VIII, trac. 2, cap. 11: "*Ex tunc gerunt caput lupinum, ita quod sine judiciali inquisitione rite pereant, et secum suum judicium portent; et merito sine lege pereunt, qui secundum legem vivere recusârunt.*" — "Thenceforward (after that they are outlawed) they wear a wolf's head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law."

'5. *Ruine.* Such was the success of this worthy lord's severity, that he made a thorough reformation among them; and the ringleaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to legal obedience, and so, I trust, will continue.' (Fuller's *Worthies of England*, p. 216.)

The last public mention of moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the 17th century, when many ordinances of Parliament were directed against them.

Note 55, p. 173

The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford were *Vert* on a chevron, betwixt three unicorns' heads erased *argent*, three mullets *sable*; crest, a unicorn's head erased *proper*. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, *Or*, on a bend azure; a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first.

Note 56, p. 173

The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in Ettrick Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border service. Satchells mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen-pensioners of the family, 'William Scott, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine, for his service.' And again, 'This William of Deloraine, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassendean.' The lands of Deloraine now give an earl's title to the descendant of Henry, the second surviving son of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. I have endeavoured to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterised the Borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Froissart's apology, that, 'it behoveth, in a lynage, some to be folyshe and outrageous, to maynteyne and sustayne the peasable.' As a contrast to my Marchman, I beg leave to transcribe, from the same author, the speech of Amergot Marcell, a captain of the Adventurous Companions, a robber, and a pillager of the country of Auvergne, who had been bribed to sell his strongholds, and to assume a more honourable

military life under the banners of the Earl of Armagnac. But 'when he remembered alle this, he was sorrowful; his tresour he thought he wolde not mynysshe; he was wonte dayly to serche for newe pyllages, wherbye encresed his profyte, and then he sawe that alle was closed fro' hym. Then he sayde and imagyned, that to pyll and to robbe (all thynge considered) was a good lyfe, and so repented hym of his good doing. On a tyme, he said to his old companyons, "Sirs, there is no sporte nor glory in this worlde amonge men of warre, but to use suche lyfe as we have done in tyme past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and somtyme found by the way a riche priour or merchaunt, or a route of mulettes of Mountpellyer, of Narbonne, of Lymens, of Fongans, of Besyers, of Tholous, or of Carcasonne, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peltre ware comynge fro the fayres, or laden with spycery fro Bruges, fro Damas, or fro Alysaundre; whatsoever we met, all was ours, or els ransoumed at our pleasures; dayly we gate new money, and the vyllaynes of Auvergne and of Lymosyn dayly provyded and brought to our castell whete mele, good wynes, beffes, and fatte mottons, pullayne, and wylde foule: We were ever furnyshed as tho we had been kings. When we rode forthe, all the countrey trymbled for feare: al was ours goyng and comynge. How tok we Carlast, I and the Bourge of Companye, and I and Perot of Vernoys took Caluset; how dyd we scale, with lytell ayde, the strong castell of Marquell, pertayning to the Erl Dolphyn: I kep it nat past fyve days, but I receyved for it, on a feyre table, fyve thousande frankes, and forgave one thousande for the love of the Erl Dolphyn's children. By my fayth, this was a fayre and a good lyfe! wherefore I repute myselfe sore deceyved, in that I have rendered up the fortress of Aloys; for it wolde have kept fro alle the worlde, and the daye that I gave it up, it was fournyshed with vytaylles, to have been kept seven yere without any re-vytayllinge. This Erl of Armynake hath deceyved me: Olyve Barbe, and Perot le Bernoys, shewed to me how I shulde repente myselfe: certayne I sore repente myselfe of what I have done."' (Froissart, vol. II., p. 195.)

Note 57, p. 174

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of bloodhounds. Barbour informs us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water; thus, leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent. The pursuers came up: —

> Rycht to the burn thai passyt ware,
> Bot the sleuth-hund made stinting thar,
> And waueryt lang tyme ta and fra,
> That he na certain gate couth ga;
> Till at the last that John of Lorne
> Perseuvit the hund the sleuth had lorne.
>
> *The Bruce*, Book VII.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance: The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border *sleuth-bratch*, or blood-hound.

> In Gelderland there was that bratchet bred,
> Siker of scent, to follow them that fled;
> So was he used in Eske and Liddesdail,
> While (i.e. *till*) she gat blood no fleeing might avail.

In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no further. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger, struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body: —

> The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, still she stood,
> Nor farther would fra time she fund the blood.

The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask. Here he was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a horn. He sent out his

attendants by two and two, but no one returned with tidings. At length, when he was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The champion descended, sword in hand; and, at the gate of the tower, was encountered by the headless spectre of Fawdoun, whom he had slain so rashly. Wallace, in great terror, fled up into the tower, tore open the boards of a window, leapt down fifteen feet in height, and continued his flight up the river. Looking back to Gask, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdoun upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter. The Minstrel concludes, —

> Trust ryght wele, that all this be sooth indeed,
> Supposing it be no point of the creed.
>
> *The Wallace*, Book v.

Note 58, p. 175

Hairibee was the place of executing the Border marauders at Carlisle. The *neck-verse* is the beginning of the 51st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, etc., anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy.

Note 59, p. 176

This is a round artificial mount near Hawick, which, from its name (*Mot*, A. S. *Concilium, Conventus*), was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes.

Note 60, p. 176

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendean, belonged formerly to a family of Scotts, thus commemorated by Satchells: —

> Hassendean came without a call,
> The ancientest house among them all.

Note 61, p. 177

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family-seat, from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a pro-

jecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhills' Bed*. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name. On the summit of the crags are the fragments of another ancient tower, in a picturesque situation. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of Hartforde, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter Barnhills, and of Minto-crag, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot, father to the present Lord Minto, was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is usually published. The poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert Elliot has descended to his family.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
But what had my youth with ambition to do;
Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide world secure me from love.
Ah, fool, to imagine, that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore!
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!

Alas! 't is too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine!
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!

Note 62, p. 177

The family of Riddell have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddell, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and is, in some degree, sanctioned by the discovery of two stone coffins, one containing an earthen pot filled with ashes and arms, bearing a legible date, A.D. 727; the other dated 936, and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. These coffins were discovered in the foundations of what was,

but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddell; and as it was argued, with plausibility, that they contained the remains of some ancestors of the family, they were deposited in the modern place of sepulture, comparatively so termed, though built in 1110. But the following curious and authentic documents warrant most conclusively the epithet of 'ancient Riddell': 1st, a charter by David I to Walter Rydale, Sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Liliesclive, &c., of which his father, Gervasius de Rydale, died possessed. 2dly, a bull of Pope Adrian IV, confirming the will of Walter de Ridale, knight, in favour of his brother Anschittil de Ridale, dated 8th April, 1155. 3dly, a bull of Pope Alexander III, confirming the said will of Walter de Ridale, bequeathing to his brother Anschittil the lands of Liliesclive, Whettunes, &c., and ratifying the bargain betwixt Anschittil and Huctredus, concerning the church of Liliesclive, in consequence of the mediation of Malcolm II, and confirmed by a charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 17th June, 1160. 4thly, a bull of the same Pope, confirming the will of Sir Anschittil de Ridale, in favour of his son Walter, conveying the said lands of Liliesclive and others, dated 10th March, 1120. It is remarkable, that Liliesclive, otherwise Rydale, or Riddell, and the Whittunes, have descended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddell, Bart. of Riddell, the lineal descendant and representative of Sir Anschittil. — These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work.

Note 63, p. 178

An ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford, now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle betwixt Buccleuch and Angus, which is called to this day the Skirmish Field.

Note 64, p. 179

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic

architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters there are representations of flowers, vegetables, etc., carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and esquisite modulation. This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks were of the Cistercian order. At the time of the Reformation, they shared in the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity thrown upon the Roman churchmen.

NOTE 65, p. 181

The buttresses, ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey, are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.

NOTE 66, p. 181

David I of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was *a sore saint for the crown.*

NOTE 67, p. 182

The Buccleuch family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert II, Robert Scott, Baron of Murdieston and Rankleburn (now Buccleuch), gave to the monks the lands of Hinkery, in Ettrick Forest, *pro salute animæ suæ.*

NOTE 68, p. 184

The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about

religious matters. Colville, in his *Paranesis, or Admonition*, states, that the reformed divines were so far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the Heathen, 'as I wold wis at God that ye wold only go bot to the Hielands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our awin countreymen, who, for lack of preching and ministration of the sacraments, must, with tyme, becum either infidells, or atheists.' But we learn, from Lesley, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.

NOTE 69, p. 184

The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulture. An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloister has an inscription bearing, *Hic jacet frater Archibaldus.*

NOTE 70, p. 185

'By my faith,' sayd the Duke of Lancaster (to a Portuguese squire), 'of all the feates of armes that the Castellyans, and they of your countrey doth use, the castynge of their dertes best pleaseth me, and gladly I wolde se it: for, as I hear say, if they strike one aryghte, without he be well armed, the dart will pierce him thrughe.' 'By my fayth, sir,' sayd the squyer, 'ye say trouth; for I have seen many a grete stroke given with them, which at one time cost us derely, and was to us great displeasure, for, at the said skyrmishe, Sir John Laurence of Coygne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head perced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sacke stopped with sylke, and passed thrughe his body, so that he fell down dead.' (Froissart, vol. II, ch. 44.) This mode of fighting with darts was imitated in the military game called *Jeugo de las canas*, which the Spaniards borrowed from their Moorish invaders. A Saracen champion is thus described by Froissart: 'Among the Sarazyns, there was a yonge knight called Agadinger Dolyferne; he was always wel mounted on a redy and a lyght horse: it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did fly in the ayre. The knighte

seemed to be a good man of armes by his dedes; he bare always of usage three fethered dartes, and rychte well he could handle them; and, according to their custome, he was clene armed, with a long white towell about his head. His apparell was blacke, and his own colour browne, and a good horseman. The Crysten men say, they thoughte he dyd such deeds of armes for the love of some yonge ladye of his countrey. And true it was, that he loved entirely the King of Thune's daughter, named the Lady Azala; she was inherytour to the realme of Thune, after the discease of the kyng, her father. This Agadinger was sone to the Duke of Olyferne. I can nat telle if they were married together after or nat; but it was shewed me, that this knyght, for love of the sayd ladye, during the siege, did many feates of armes. The knyghtes of France wold fayne have taken hym; but they colde never attrape nor inclose him; his horse was so swyft, and so redy to his hand, that alwaies he escaped.' (Vol. II, ch. 71.)

Note 71, p. 185

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame; so that Froissart affirms, 'Of all the battayles and encounteryngs that I have made mencion of here before in all this hystory, great or smalle, this battayle that I treat of nowe was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hertes: for there was neyther knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyre, and foughte hande to hande. This batayle was lyke the batayle of Becherell, the which was valiauntly fought and endured.' The issue of the conflict is well known: Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar. 'His obsequye was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tombe of stone, and his baner hangyng over hym.' (Froissart, vol. II, p. 165.)

Note 72, p. 186

William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II, and was so distinguished by his valour, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The King had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said, the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined.[1] So weak was the royal authority, that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as Sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godscroft, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the resentment of the Earl to jealousy. The

[1] There is something affecting in the manner in which the old Prior of Lochleven turns from describing the death of the gallant Ramsay, to the general sorrow which is excited: —

To tell you there of the manere,
It is bot sorrow for til here;
He wes the grettast menyd man
That ony cowth have thowcht of than,
Of his state, or of mare be fare;
All menyt him, bath bettyr and war;
The ryche and pure him menyde bath,
For of his dede was mekil skath.

Some years ago, a person digging for stones, about the old castle of Hermitage, broke into a vault, containing a quantity of chaff, some bones, and pieces of iron; amongst others, the curb of an ancient bridle which the author has since given to the Earl of Dalhousie, under the impression that it possibly may be a relic of his brave ancestor. The worthy clergyman of the parish has mentioned this discovery in his *Statistical Account of Castletown*.

place where the Knight of Liddesdale was killed, is called, from his name, William Cross, upon the ridge of a hill called William Hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godscroft, was carried to Lindean church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shown.

Note 73, p. 186

It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Dunglas, Bart., has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to produce the framework of the roof: and the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work. This ingenious system is alluded to in the romance. Sir James Hall's *Essay on Gothic Architecture* is published in *The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions.*

Note 74, p. 186

A large marble stone, in the chancel of Melrose, is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II, one of the greatest of our early kings; others say, it is the resting-place of Waldeve, one of the early abbots, who died in the odour of sanctity.

Note 75, p. 187

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the thirteenth century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid

of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked. *Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica*, 1627, liv. XII, p. 495. Lesely characterises Michael Scott as '*singularie philosophiæ, astronomiæ, ac medicinæ laude prestans; dicebatur penitissimos magiæ recessus indagâsse.*' Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard: —

> Quell' altro che ne' fianchi è così poco,
> Michele Scotto fu, che veramente
> Delle magiche frode seppe il giuoco.
>
> *Inferno*, canto XX.

A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity, is ascribed, either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial; some contend for Home Coltrame, in Cumberland; others for Melrose Abbey. But all agree, that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died. Satchells, wishing to give some authority for his account of the origin of the name of Scott, pretends, that, in 1629, he chanced to be at Burgh under Bowness, in Cumberland, where a person, named Lancelot Scott, showed him an extract from Michael Scott's works, containing that story: —

> He said the book which he gave me
> Was of Sir Michael Scott's historie;
> Which history was never yet read through,
> Nor never will, for no man dare it do.

Young scholars have pick'd out something
From the contents, that dare not read within.
He carried me along the castle then,
And shew'd his written book hanging on an iron pin.
His writing pen did seem to me to be
Of hardened metal, like steel, or accumie;
The volume of it did seem so large to me,
As the Book of Martyrs and Turks historie.
Then in the church he let me see
A stone where Mr Michael Scott did lie;
I asked at him how that could appear,
Mr Michael had been dead above five hundred year?
He shew'd me none durst bury under that stone,
More than he had been dead a few years agone;
For Mr Michael's name does terrifie each one.
History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott.

Note 76, p. 187

Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic, for which he was stigmatised by the ignorance of his age. (*William of Malmsbury*, lib. II, cap. 10.) There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand. (D'Auton, *On Learned Incredulity*, p. 45.) These Spanish schools of magic are celebrated also by the Italian poets of romance: —

Questo città di Tolleto solea
Tenere studio di negromanzía,
Quivi di magica arte si leggea
Pubblicamente, e di peromanzía;
E molti geomanti sempre avea,
Esperimenti assai d' idromanzía
E d' altre false opinion' di sciocchi
Come è fatture, o spesso batter gli occhi.
Il Morgante Maggiore, canto XXV, st. 259.

The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Montalban, called, by Ariosto, Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo, as we learn from *L'Histoire de Maugis D'Aygremont.*

He even held a professor's chair in the necromantic university: for so I interpret the passage, '*qu'on tous les sept ars d'enchantement, des charmes et conjurations, il n'y avoit meilleur maistre que lui; et en tel renom qu'on le laissoit en chaise, et l'appelloit on maistre Maugis.*' This Salamancan Domdaniel is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic reader enquires where Hercules himself learned magic, he may consult, '*Les faicts et proessos du noble et vaillant Hercules,*' where he will learn, that the fable of his aiding Atlas to support the heavens, arose from the said Atlas having taught Hercules, *the noble knight-errant*, the seven liberal sciences, and in particular, that of judicial astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages, were the studies, '*maximus quæ docuit Atlas.*' In a romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic King of Spain, he is said to have entered one of those enchanted caverns. It was situated beneath an ancient tower near Toledo; and when the iron gates, which secured the entrance, were unfolded, there rushed forth so dreadful a whirlwind, that hitherto no one had dared to penetrate into its recesses. But Roderic, threatened with an invasion of the Moors, resolved to enter the cavern, where he expected to find some prophetic intimation of the event of the war. Accordingly, his train being furnished with torches, so artificially composed that the tempest could not extinguish them, the King, with great difficulty, penetrated into a square hall, inscribed all over with Arabian characters. In the midst stood a colossal statue of brass, representing a Saracen wielding a Moorish mace, with which it discharged furious blows on all sides, and seemed thus to excite the tempest which raged around. Being conjured by Roderic, it ceased from striking, until he read, inscribed on the right hand, '*Wretched Monarch, for thy evil hast thou come hither,*' on the left hand, '*Thou shalt be dispossessed by a strange people';* on one shoulder, '*I invoke the sons of Hagar';* on the other, '*I do mine office.*' When the King had deciphered these ominous inscriptions, the statue returned to its exercise, the tempest commenced anew, and Roderic retired, to mourn over the predicted evils which approached his throne. He caused the gates of the cavern

to be locked and barricaded; but, in the course of the night, the tower fell with a tremendous noise, and under its ruins concealed for ever the entrance to the mystic cavern. The conquest of Spain by the Saracens, and the death of the unfortunate Don Roderic, fulfilled the prophecy of the brazen statue. (*Historia verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo por el sabio Alcayde Abulcacim, traduzeda de la lengua Arabiga por Miquel de Luna*, 1654, cap. VI.)

Note 77, p. 187

'*Tantamne rem tam negligenter?*' says Tyrwhitt, of his predecessor, Speight; who, in his commentary on Chaucer, had omitted, as trivial and fabulous, the story of Wade and his boat Guingelot, to the great prejudice of posterity, the memory of the hero and the boat being now entirely lost. That future antiquaries may lay no such omission to my charge, I have noted one or two of the most current traditions concerning Michael Scott. He was chosen, it is said, to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his rider, What it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, 'What is that to thee? — Mount, Diabolus, and fly!' When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the King was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and

caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the King rather chose to dismiss Michael, with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences. Another time, it is said, that, when residing at the Tower of Oakwood, upon the Ettrick, about three miles above Selkirk, he heard of the fame of a sorceress, called the Witch of Falsehope, who lived on the opposite side of the river. Michael went one morning to put her skill to the test, but was disappointed, by her denying positively any knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag observing, suddenly snatched it up, and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house; but, as it had conferred on him the external appearance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd upon the discomfited wizard his own greyhounds, and pursued him so close, that in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own *jawhole* (*Anglice*, common sewer). In order to revenge himself of the witch of Falsehope, Michael, one morning in the ensuing harvest, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread from the goodwife for his greyhounds, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, laid above the door a paper which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme,

Maister Michael Scott's man
Sought meat, and gat nane.

Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise till her husband sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision; but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of return-

ing, they joined in the dance and chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house; but as his wife's frolic with Mr. Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife, now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through, the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell; which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and, with his left hand, take the spell from above the door; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance. This tale was told less particularly in former editions, and I have been censured for inaccuracy in doing so. A similar charm occurs in *Huon de Bourdeaux*, and in the ingenious Oriental tale, called the *Caliph Vathek*.

Notwithstanding his victory over the witch of Falsehope, Michael Scott, like his predecessor Merlin, fell at last a victim to female art. His wife, or concubine, elicited from him the secret, that his art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth made of the flesh of a *breme* sow. Such a mess she accordingly administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidant.

Note 78, p. 187

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or damhead, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon Hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing

him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

Note 79, p. 189

Baptista Porta, and other authors who treat of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres. Fortunius Licetus investigates the subject in a treatise, *De Lucernis Antiquorum Reconditis*, published at Venice, 1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero. The wick was supposed to be composed of asbestos. Kircher enumerates three different recipes for constructing such lamps; and wisely concludes, that the thing is nevertheless impossible. (*Mundus Subterranneus*, p. 72.) Delrio imputes the fabrication of such lights to magical skill. (*Disquisitiones Magicæ*, p. 58.) In a very rare romance, which 'treateth of the life of Virgilius, and of his deth, and many marvayles that he dyd in his lyfe-time, by wychecrafte and nygramancye, throughe the helpe of the devyls of hell,' mention is made of a very extraordinary process, in which one of these mystical lamps was employed. It seems that Virgil, as he advanced in years, became desirous of renovating his youth by magical art. For this purpose he constructed a solitary tower, having only one narrow portal, in which he placed twenty-four copper figures, armed with iron flails, twelve on each side of the porch. These enchanted statues struck with their flails incessantly, and rendered all entrance impossible, unless when Virgil touched the spring, which stopped their motion. To this tower he repaired privately, attended by one trusty servant, to whom he communicated the secret of the entrance, and hither they conveyed all the magician's treasure. 'Then sayde Virgilius, my dere beloved frende, and he that I above alle men truste and knowe mooste of my secret'; and then he led the man into a cellar, where he made a *fayer lamp at all seasons burnynge*. 'And then sayd Virgilius to the man, "Se you the barrel that standeth here?" and he sayd, yea: "Therein must thou put me: fyrst ye

must slee me, and hewe me smalle to pieces, and cut my hed in iiii pieces, and salte the heed under in the bottom, and then the pieces there after, and my herte in the myddel, and then set the barrel under the lampe, that nyghte and day the fat therein may droppe and leake; and ye shall ix dayes long, ones in the day, fyll the lampe, and fayle nat. And when this is all done, then shall I be renued, and made yonge agen."' At this extraordinary proposal, the confidant was sore abashed, and made some scruple of obeying his master's commands. At length, however, he complied, and Virgil was slain, pickled, and barrelled up, in all respects according to his own direction. The servant then left the tower, taking care to put the copper thrashers in motion at his departure. He continued daily to visit the tower with the same precaution. Meanwhile, the emperor, with whom Virgil was a great favourite, missed him from the court, and demanded of his servant where he was. The domestic pretended ignorance, till the emperor threatened him with death, when at length he conveyed him to the enchanted tower. The same threat extorted a discovery of the mode of stopping the statues from wielding their flails. 'And then the emperour entered into the castle with all his folke, and sought all aboute in every corner after Virgilius; and at the laste they soughte so longe, that they came into the seller, where they sawe the lampe hang over the barrell, where Virgilius lay in deed. Then asked the emperour the man, who had made hym so herdy to put his mayster Virgilius so to dethe; and the man answered no worde to the emperour. And then the emperour, with great anger, drewe out his sworde, and slewe he there Virgilius's man. And when all this was done, then saw the emperour, and all his folke, a naked child iii tymes rennynge about the barrell, saynge these wordes, "Cursed be the tyme that ye ever came here." And with those words vanyshed the chylde awaye, and was never sene ageyn; and thus abyd Virgilius in the barrell deed.' (*Virgilius*, bl. let., printed at Antwerpe by John Doesborcke. This curious volume is in the valuable library of Mr. Douce; and is supposed to be a translation from the French, printed in Flanders for the English market. See *Goujet*

Biblioth. Franc., IX, 225; *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Nationale*, tom. II, p. 5; *De Bure*, no. 3857.)

Note 80, p. 191

William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled; and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became a Christian. Heywood's *Hierarchie*, p. 480, quoted from Sebastian Cobarruvia's *Crozee*.

Note 81, p. 196

The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance: —

'The only certain, at least most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man, of the name of Anderson, who was born, and lived all his life, at Todshaw hill, in Eskedale Muir, the place where Gilpin appeared and staid for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground, (that is, tying their forefeet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night,) when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, "*Tint! tint! tint!*"[1] One of the men, named Moffat, called out, "What deil has tint you? Come here." Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in

[1] *Tint* signifies *lost*.

features, and misshapne in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its first appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground, but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, "Ah hah, Will o' Moffat, you strike sair!' After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry, three times, "*Gilpin Horner!*" It started, and said, "*That is me, I must away,*" and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said, he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it.' To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-te-ram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram; who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more

universally credited, and that many persons of very good rank and considerable information are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition.

Note 82, p. 198

'Upon 25th June, 1557, Dame Janet Beatoune Lady Buccleuch, and a great number of the name of Scott, delaitit (accused) for coming to the kirk of St. Mary of the Lowes, to the number of two hundred persons bodin in feire of weire, (arrayed in armour), and breaking open the door of the said kirk, in order to apprehend the Laird of Cranstoune for his destruction.' On the 20th July, a warrant from the Queen is presented, discharging the justice to proceed against the Lady Buccleuch while new calling. (*Abridgement of Books of Adjournal*, in Advocates' Library.) The following proceedings upon this case appear on the record of the Court of Justiciary: On the 25th of June, 1557, Robert Scott, in Bowhill parish, priest of the kirk of St. Mary's, accused of the convocation of the Queen's lieges, to the number of 200 persons, in warlike array, with jacks, helmets, and other weapons, and marching to the chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes, for the slaughter of Sir Peter Cranstoun, out of ancient feud and malice prepense, and of breaking the doors of the said kirk, is repledged by the Archbishop of Glasgow. The bail given by Robert Scott of Allanhaugh, Adam Scott of Burnfute, Robert Scott in Howfurde, Walter Scott in Todshawhaugh, Walter Scott younger of Synton, Thomas Scott of Hayning, Robert Scott, William Scott, and James Scott, brothers of the said Walter Scott, Walter Scott in the Woll, and Walter Scott, son of William Scott of Harden, and James Wemyss in Eckford, all accused of the same crime, is declared to be forfeited. On the same day, Walter Scott of Synton, and Walter Chisholme of Chisholme, and William Scott of Harden, became bound, jointly and severally, that Sir Peter Cranstoun, and his kindred and servants, should receive no injury from them in future. At the same time, Patrick Murray of Fallohill, Alexander Stuart, uncle to the Laird of Trakwhare, John Murray of Newhall, John

Fairlye, residing in Selkirk, George Tait, younger of Pirn, John Pennycuke of Pennycuke, James Ramsay of Cokpen, the Laird of Fassyde, and the Laird of Henderstoune, were all severally fined for not attending as jurors; being probably either in alliance with the accused parties, or dreading their vengeance. Upon the 20th of July following, Scott of Synton, Chisholme of Chisholme, Scott of Harden, Scott of Howpaslie, Scott of Burnfute, with many others, are ordered to appear at next calling, under the pains of treason. But no farther procedure seems to have taken place. It is said, that, upon this rising, the kirk of St. Mary was burnt by the Scotts.

Note 83, p. 202

The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I want.*

Note 84, p. 205

'At Unthank, two miles N.E. from the church (of Ewes) there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service, in time of Popery. There is a tradition, that friars were wont to come from Melrose, or Jedburgh, to baptise and marry in this parish; and from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called, by the inhabitants, *Book-a-bosomes*. There is a man yet alive, who knew old men who had been baptised by these Book-a bosomes, and who says one of them, called Hair, used this parish for a very long time.' (*Account of Parish of Ewes, apud* Macfarlane's MS.)

Note 85, p. 205

Glamour, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the witch of

Falsehope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Fa' imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with that gipsy leader: —

Sae soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They cast the *glamour* o'er her.

It was formerly used even in war. In 1381, when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a necromancer offered to 'make the ayre so thycke, that they within shall thynke that there is a great bridge on the see (by which the castle was surrounded) for ten men to go a front; and whan they within the castle se this bridge, they will be so afrayde, that they shall yelde them to your mercy. The Duke demanded, "Fayre Master, on this bridge that ye speke of, may our people assuredly go thereon to the castell to assayle it?" "Syr," quod the enchantour, "I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the bridge make the signe of the crosse on hym, all shall go to noughte, and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the see." Then the Duke began to laugh; and a certain of young knightes, that were there present, said, "Syr, for godsake, let the mayster assey his cunning: we shal leve making of any signe of the crosse on us for that tyme."' The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recognised in the enchanter the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Payx, who then held it, by persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, that the sea was coming over the walls. The sage avowed the feat, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Payx. '"By my fayth," quod the Earl of Savoy, "ye say well; and I will that Syr Charles de la Payx shall know that he hath gret wronge to fear you. But I shall assure hym of you; for ye shall never do enchantment to deceyve hym, nor yet none other. I wolde nat that in tyme to come we shulde be reproached that in so high an enterprise as we be in, wherein there be so many noble knyghtes and squyres assembled, that we shulde do any thyng be enchantment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemys

be suche crafte." Then he called to him a servaunt, and said, "Go and get a hangman, and let him stryke of this mayster's heed without delay;" and as soone as the Erle had commanded it, incontynent it was done, for his heed was stryken of before the Erle's tent.' (Froissart, vol. I, ch. 391, 392.)

The art of glamour, or other fascination, was anciently a principal part of the skill of the *jongleur*, or juggler, whose tricks formed much of the amusement of a Gothic castle. Some instances of this art may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. IV, p. 106. In a strange allegorical poem, called the Houlat, written by a dependent of the house of Douglas, about 1452–53, the jay, in an assembly of birds, plays the part of the juggler. His feats of glamour are thus described: —

He gart them see, as it semyt in samyn houre,
  Hunting at herdis in holtis so hair;
Some sailand on the see schippis of toure,
  Bernis battalland on burd brim as a bare;
  He coulde carye the coup of the kingis des,
    Syne leve in the stede,
    Bot a black bunwede;
    He could of a henis hede
  Make a man mes.

He gart the Emproure trow, and trewlye behald,
  That the *corncraik*, the pundare at hand,
Had poyndit all his pris hors in a poynd fald,
  Because thai ete of the corn in the kirkland.
He could wirk windaris, quhat way that he wald,
  Mak a gray gus a gold garland,
A lang spere of a bittile, for a berne bald,
  Nobilis of nutschelles— and silver of sand.
Thus joukit with juxters the janglane ja,
  Fair ladyes in ringis,
  Knychtis in caralyngis,
  Bayth dansis and singis,
It semyt as sa.

Note 86, p. 206

Dr. Henry More, in a letter prefixed to Glanville's *Saducismus Triumphatus*, mentions a similar phenomenon: —

'I remember an old gentleman in the country of my acquaintance, an excellent justice of peace, and a piece of a mathematician; but what kind of a philosopher he was, you may under-

stand from a rhyme of his own making, which he commended to me at my taking horse in his yard, which rhyme is this: —

> Ens is nothing till sense finds out:
> Sense ends in nothing, so naught goes about.

Which rhyme of his was so rapturous to himself, that, on the reciting of the second verse, the old man turned himself about upon his toe as nimbly as one may observe a dry leaf whisked round the corner of an orchard-walk by some little whirlwind. With this philosopher I have had many discourses concerning the immortality of the soul and its distinction; when I have run him quite down by reason, he would but laugh at me, and say, this is logic, H. (calling me by my Christian name); to which I replyed, this is reason, father L. (for so I used and some others to call him); but it seems you are for the new lights, and immediate inspiration, which I confess he was as little for as for the other; but I said so only in the way of drollery to him in those times, but truth is, nothing but palpable experience would move him; and being a bold man, and fearing nothing, he told me had used all the magical ceremonies of conjuration he could, to raise the devil or a spirit, and had a most earnest desire to meet with one, but never could do it. But this he told me, when he did not so much as think of it, while his servant was pulling off his boots in the hall, some invisible hand gave him such a clap upon the back, that it made all ring again; "So," thought he now, "I am invited to the converse of my spirit," and therefore, so soon as his boots were off, and his shoes on, out he goes into the yard and next field, to find out the spirit that had given him this familiar clap on the back, but found none neither in the yard nor field next to it.

'But though he did not feel this stroke, albeit he thought it afterwards (finding nothing came of it) a mere delusion; yet not long before his death, it had more force with him than all the philosophical arguments I could use to him, though I could wind him and nonplus him as I pleased; but yet all my arguments, how solid soever, made no impression upon him; wherefore, after several reasonings of this nature, whereby I would

prove to him the soul's distinction from the body, and its immortality, when nothing of such subtile consideration did any more execution on his mind than some lightning is said to do, though it melts the sword, on the fuzzy consistency of the scabbard. — "Well," said I, "father L., though none of these things move you, I have something still behind, and what yourself has acknowledged to be true, that may do the business: — Do you remember the clap on your back when your servant was pulling off your boots in the hall? Assure yourself, says I, father L., that goblin will be the first to bid you welcome into the other world." Upon that his countenance changed most sensibly, and he was more confounded with this rubbing up his memory, than with all the rational or philosophical argumentations that I could produce.'

NOTE 87, p. 208

It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us, that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clods, or stones, into fat pigs, which they sold in the market; but which always reassumed their proper form, when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish for a very good reason. 'Gens ista spurcissima non solvunt decimas.' (*Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud decem Scriptores*, p.1076.)

NOTE 88, p. 211

Imitated from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers: —

> A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
> Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good:
> All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
> His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew.
> When setting to their lips their bugles shrill,
> The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;

Their bauldrics set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a clothyard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft.
Poly-Albion, Song 26.

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned contrary to the law of arms. In a tilt betwixt Gawain Michael, an English squire, and Joachim Cathore, a Frenchman, 'they met at the speare poyntes rudely: the French squyer justed right pleasantly; the Englishman ran too lowe, for he strak the Frenchman depe into the thigh. Wherewith the Erle of Buckingham was right sore displeased, and so were all the other lords, and sayde how it was shamefully done.' (Froissart, vol. I, chap. 366.) Upon a similar occasion, 'the two knyghts came a fote eche against other rudely, with their speares low couched, to stryke eche other within the foure quarters. Johan of Castell-Morant strake the English squyer on the brest in such wyse, that Syr Wyllyam Fermetone stombled and bowed, for his fote a lyttel fayled him. He helde his speare lowe with both his handes, and coude nat amende it, and strake Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant in the thighe, so that the speare went clene throughe, that the heed was sene a handfull on the other syde. And Syr Johan with the stroke reled, but he fell nat. Than the Englyshe knyghtes and squyers were ryghte sore displeased, and sayde how it was a foule stroke. Syr Wyllyam Fermetone excused himselfe, and sayde how he was sorie of that adventure, and howe that yf he had knowen that it shulde have bene so, he wolde never have begon it; sayenge how he could nat amende it, by cause of glaunsing of his fote by constraynt of the great stroke that Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant had given him." (Froissart, vol. I, chap. 373.)

NOTE 89, p. 213

See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 273.

Tom Ports was but a serving man,
But yet he was a doctor good;
He bound his handkerchief on the wound,
And with some kinds of words he staunched the blood.
Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, London, 1791, p. 131.

Note 90, p. 214

Sir Kenelm Digby, in a discourse upon the cure by sympathy, pronounced at Montpelier before an assembly of nobles and learned men, translated into English by R. White, gentleman, and published in 1658, gives us the following curious surgical case: —

'Mr. James Howel (well known in France for his public works, and particularly for his *Dendrologie*, translated into French by Mons. Baudouin) coming by chance, as two of his best friends were fighting in duel, he did his endeavour to part them; and, putting himselfe between them, seized, with his left hand, upon the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants, while, with his right hand, he laid hold of the blade of the other. They, being transported with fury one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hinderance their friend made, that they should not kill one another; and one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr. Howel's hand; and then the other disengaged his hilts, and gave a crosse blow on his adversarie's head, which glanced towards his friend, who heaving up his sore hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been before within. It seems some strange constellation reigned then against him, that he should lose so much bloud by parting two such dear friends, who, had they been themselves, would have hazarded both their lives to have preserved his; but this involuntary effusion of bloud by them, prevented that which they sholde have drawn one from the other. For they, seeing Mr. Howel's face besmeared with bloud, by heaving up his wounded hand, they both ran to embrace him; and, having searched his hurts, they bound up his hand with one of his garters, to close the veins which were cut, and bled abundantly. They brought him

home, and sent for a surgeon. But this being heard at court, the King sent one of his own surgeons; for his Majesty much affected the said Mr. Howel.

'It was my chance to be lodged hard by him; and four or five days after, as I was making myself ready, he came to my house, and prayed me to view his wounds; "for I understand," said he, "that you have extraordinary remedies on such occasions, and my surgeons apprehend some fear that it may grow to a gangrene, and so the hand must be cut off." In effect, his countenance discovered that he was in much pain, which he said was insupportable, in regard of the extreme inflammation. I told him I would willingly serve him; but if haply he knew the manner how I would cure him, without touching or seeing him, it may be he would not expose himself to my manner of curing, because he would think it, peradventure, either ineffectual or superstitious. He replied, "the wonderful things which many have related unto me of your way of medicament, makes me nothing doubt at all of its efficacy; and all that I have to say unto you is comprehended in the Spanish proverb, *Hagase el milagro y hagalo Mahoma* (Let the miracle be done, though Mahomet do it.)"

'I asked him then for any thing that had the blood upon it; so he presently sent for his garter, wherewith his hand was first bound; and as I called for a bason of water, as if I would wash my hands, I took a handful of powder of vitriol, which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as the bloudy garter was brought me, I put it within the bason, observing, in the interim, what Mr. Howel did, who stood talking with a gentleman in a corner of my chamber, not regarding at all what I was doing; but he started suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he ailed? "I know not what ailes me; but I finde that I feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kinde of freshnesse, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before." I replied, "Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your playsters; only keep the wound

clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold." This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the King, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the businesse, which was, that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr. Howel's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more; for the heat was such as if his hand were 'twixt coles of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time; for I knew the reason of his new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went; and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water, thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six dayes the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed.' (Page 6.)

The King (James VI) obtained from Sir Kenelm the discovery of his secret, which he pretended had been taught him by a Carmelite friar, who had learned it in Armenia, or Persia. Let not the age of animal magnetism and metallic tractors smile at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby. Reginald Scott mentions the same mode of cure in these terms: 'And that which is more strange . . . . they can remedie anie stranger with that verie sword wherewith they are wounded. Yea, and that which is beyond all admiration, if they stroke the sword upward with their fingers, the partie shall feele no pain; whereas, if they draw their fingers downwards, thereupon the partie wounded shall feele intolerable pain.' I presume that the success ascribed to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed in washing the wound, and excluding the air, thus bringing on a cure by the first intention. It is introduced by Dryden in the *Enchanted Island*, a (very unnecessary) alteration of the *Tempest:* —

Ariel. Anoint the sword which pierced him with this
Weapon-salve, and wrap it close from air,
Till I have time to visit him again. — Act v, Sc. ii.

Again, in Scene iv, Miranda enters with Hippolito's sword wrapt up: —

Hip. O my wound pains me!
Mir. I am come to ease you. [*She unwraps the Sword.*
Hip. Alas, I feel the cold air come to me;
My wound shoots worse than ever.
Mir. Does it still grieve you? [*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*
Hip. Now, methinks, there 's something laid just upon it.
Mir. Do you find no ease?
Hip. Yes, yes; upon the sudden all this pain
Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased!

Note 91, p. 216

Bale, beacon-fagot. The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh. The act of Parliament 1455, c. 48, directs that one bale or fagot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales that they are *coming indeed;* four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. 'The same taikenings to be watched and maid at Eggerhope (Eggerstand) Castell, fra they se the fire of Hume, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Sowtra Edge, sall se the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mak taikening in like manner: And then may all Louthaine be warned, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh; and their four fires to be made in like manner, that they in Fife, and fra Striveling east, and the east part of Louthianc, and to Dunbar, all may se them, and come to the defence of the realme.' These beacons (at least in latter times) were a 'long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel.' (Stevenson's *History*, vol. II, p. 701.)

Note 92, p. 216

The speed with which the Borderers collected great bodies of horse may be judged of from the following extract, when the

subject of the rising was much less important than that supposed in the romance. It is taken from Carey's *Memoirs:* —

'Upon the death of the old Lord Scroop, the Queen gave the west wardenry to his son, that had married my sister. He having received that office, came to me with great earnestness, and desired me to be his deputy, offering me that I should live with him in his house; that he would allow me half a dozen men, and as many horses, to be kept at his charge; and his fee being 1000 merks yearly, he would part it with me, and I should have the half. This his noble offer I accepted of, and went with him to Carlisle; where I was no sooner come, but I entered into my office. We had a stirring time of it; and few days past over my head but I was on horseback, either to prevent mischief, or take malefactors, and to bring the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past. One memorable thing of God's mercy shewed unto me, was such as I have good cause still to remember it.

'I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scottishmen that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Græmes relieved. This Græme dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence in time of need. — About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me, that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, "Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour; and he is gone to let them know, that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you; and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please." Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice

presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and withall we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and, after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men; whom we presently set to work, to get to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower. The Scots, seeing their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see 400 horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but of a sudden they stayed, and stood at gaze. Then had I more to do than ever; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, "Sir, give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours." I desired they would be patient a while, and bethought myself, if I should give them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape unkilled; (there was so many deadly feuds among them); and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself, they might then do what they pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would lie very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and, if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent

with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could; for if they stayed the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were returned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger; and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day.'

Note 93, p. 217

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments; his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

Note 94, p. 221

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army. (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. I, p. 393.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaws, upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eske, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar

recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment. 'In the way as we came, not far from this place (Long Niddry), George Ferres, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's . . . happened upon a cave in the grounde, the mouth whereof was so worne with the fresh printe of steps, that he seemed to be certayne thear wear some folke within; and gone doune to trie, he was readily receyved with a hakebut or two. He left them not yet, till he had known wheyther thei wold be content to yield and come out; which they fondly refusing, he went to my lorde's grace, and upon utterance of the thynge, gat licence to deale with them as he coulde; and so returned to them, with a skore or two of pioners. Three ventes had their cave, that we wear ware of, whereof he first stopt up on; anoother he fill'd full of strawe, and set it a fyer, whereat they within cast water apace; but it was so wel maynteyned without, that the fyer prevayled, and thei within fayn to get them belyke into anoother parler. Then devysed we (for I hapt to be with him) to stop the same up, whereby we should eyther smoother them, or fynd out their ventes, if thei hadde any moe: as this was done at another issue, about xii score of, we moughte see the fume of their smoke to come out: the which continued with so great a force, and so long a while, that we could not but thinke they must needes get them out, or smoother within: and forasmuch as we found not that they dyd the tone, we thought it for certain thei wear sure of the toother.' (Patten's *Account of Somerset's Expedition into Scotland, apud* Dalyell's *Fragments.*)

Note 95, p. 221

From the following fragment of a letter from the Earl of Northumberland to King Henry VIII, preserved among the Cotton MSS. *Calig.*, Book vii, 179, the reader may estimate the nature of the dreadful war which was occasionally waged upon the Borders, sharpened by mutual cruelties, and the personal hatred of the wardens, or leaders

Some Scottish Barons, says the Earl, had threatened to come

within 'three miles of my pore house of Werkworth, where I lye, and gif me light to put on my clothes at mydnight; and alsoo the said Marke Carr said there opynly, that, seyng they had a governor on the Marches of Scotland, as well as they had in Ingland, he shulde kepe your highness instructions, gyffyn unto your garyson, for making of any day-forrey; for he and his friends wolde burne enough on the nyght, lettyng your counsaill here defyne a notable acte at theyre pleasures. Upon whiche, in your highnes name, I comaundet dewe watche to be kepte on your Marchies, for comyng in of any Scotts. Neuertheles, upon Thursday at night last, came thyrty light horsemen into a litil village of myne, called Whitell, having not past sex houses, lying toward Ryddisdaill, upon Shilbotell More, and there wold have fyred the said howses, but ther was no fyre to get there, and they forgate to brynge any withe theyme; and took a wyf being great with chylde, in the said towne, and said to hyr, Wher we can not gyve the lard lyght, yet we shall doo this in spyte of hym; and gyve her iii mortall wounds upon the heid, and another in the right side, with a dagger: whereupon the said wyf is deede, and the childe in her bely is loste. Beseeching your most gracious highness to reduce unto your gracious memory this wylful and shamefull murder, done within this your highnes realme, notwithstanding all the inhabitants thereabout rose unto the said fray, and gave warnynge by becons into the countrey afore theyme, and yet the Scottsmen dyde escape. And uppon certeyne knowledge to my brother Clyfforthe and me, hrad by credible persons of Scotland, this abomynable act not only to be done by dyverse of the Mershe, but also the afore named persons of Tyvidaill, and consented to, as by appearance, by the Erle of Murey, upon Friday at night last, let slyp C of the best horsemen of Glendaill, with a parte of your highnes subjects of Berwyke, together with George Dowglas, whoo came into Ingland agayne, in the dawning of the day; but afore theyre returne, they dyd mar the Earl of Murreis provisions at Coldingham; for they did not only burne the said town of Coldingham, with all the corne thereunto belonging, which is esteemed wurthe cii marke

sterling; but alsoo burned twa townes nye adjoining thereunto, called Branerdergest and the Black Hill, and toke xxiii persons, lx horse, with cc hed of cataill, which, nowe as I am informed, hathe not only been a staye of the said Erle of Murreis not coming to the Bordure as yet, but alsoo, that none inlande man will adventure theyr self uppon the Marches. And as for the tax that shulde have been grauntyd for finding of the said iii hundred men, is utterly denyed. Upon which the King of Scotland departed from Edynburgh to Stirling, and as yet there doth remayn. And also I, by the advice of my brother Clyfforth, have devysed, that within this iii nyghts, Godde willing, Kelsey, in like case, shall be brent, with all the corn in the said town; and then they shall have noo place to lye any garyson in nygh unto the Borders. And as I shall atteigne further knowledge, I shall not faill to satisfye your highnes, according to my most bounden dutie. And for this burnyng of Kelsey is devysed to be done secretly, by Tyndaill and Ryddisdale. And thus the holy Trynite and * * * your most royal estate, with longlyf, and as much increase of honour as your most noble heart can desire. *At Werkworth the* xxiid *day of October.*' (1522.)

Note 96, p. 221

This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a *sutor*, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the Captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated and forced to fly. Watt Tinlinn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tinlinn dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult: 'Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels *risp* [creak], and the seams *rive* [tear].'' 'If I cannot sew,' retorted Tinlinn, discharging a shaft, which

nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle, 'if I cannot sew, I can *yerk*' [twitch, as shoemakers do in securing the stitches of their work].

Note 97, p. 222

There is an old rhyme, which thus celebrates the places in Liddesdale remarkable for game: —

> Billhope braes for bucks and raes,
> And Carit haugh for swine,
> And Tarras for the good bull-trout,
> If he be ta'en in time.

The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine, are now extinct; but the good bull-trout is still famous.

Note 98, p. 222

As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionately anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females. (See Lesley's *de Moribus Limitaneorum*).

Note 99, p. 223

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and, from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions. In the castle of Naworth, his apartments, containing a bedroom, oratory, and library, are still shown. They impress us with an unpleasing idea of the life of a lord warden of the Marches. Three or four strong doors, separating these rooms from the rest of the castle, indicate the apprehensions of treachery from his garrison; and the secret winding passages, through which he could privately descend into the

guardroom, or even into the dungeons, imply the necessity of no small degree of secret superintendence on the part of the governor. As the ancient books and furniture have remained undisturbed, the venerable appearance of these apartments, and the armour scattered around the chamber, almost lead us to expect the arrival of the warden in person. Naworth Castle is situated near Brampton, in Cumberland. Lord William Howard is ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle.

Note 100, p. 223

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur de Lion. There were two powerful branches of that name. The first family, called Lord Dacres of the South, held the castle of the same name, and are ancestors to the present Lord Dacre. The other family, descended from the same stock, were called Lord Dacres of the North, and were barons of Gilsland and Graystock. A chieftain of the latter branch was warden of the West Marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a man of a hot and obstinate character, as appears from some particulars of Lord Surrey's letter to Henry VIII, giving an account of his behaviour at the siege and storm of Jedburgh. It is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Appendix to the Introduction.

Note 101, p. 223

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred hackbutters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 27th of September, 1549, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, writes to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches: 'The Almains, in number two thousand, very valiant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft, and with the force of your

wardenry, (which we would were advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be,) shall make the attempt to Loughmaben, being of no such strength but that it may be skailed with ladders, whereof, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or else undermined with the pyke-axe, and so taken: either to be kept for the King's Majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlaverock to be used.' Repeated mention occurs of the Almains, in the subsequent correspondence; and the enterprise seems finally to have been abandoned, from the difficulty of providing these strangers with the necessary 'victuals and carriages in so poor a country as Dumfries-shire.' (*History of Cumberland*, vol. I, Introd., p. lxi.) From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters, we learn, that the Low Country and German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bared. And we may also observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribbon. This custom of the Germans is alluded to in the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, p. 121: —

> Their pleited garments therewith well accord,
> All jagde and frounst, with divers colours deckt.

Note 102, p. 225

Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V, and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamescleuch, etc., lying upon the river of Ettrick, and extending to St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears, that when James had assembled his nobility, and their feudal followers, at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleur-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, *Ready, aye ready*. The charter itself is printed by Nisbet; but his work being scarce, I insert the follow-

ing accurate transcript from the original, in the possession of the Right Honourable Lord Napier, the representative of John of Thirlestaine.

'James Rex.

'We James, by the grace of God, King of Scottis, considerand the ffaith and guid servis of of of [1] right traist friend John Scott of Thirlestane, quha cummand to our hoste at Soutra-edge, with three score and ten launciers on horseback of his friends and followers, and beand willing to gang with ws into England, when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stake at all our bidding; ffor the quhilk cause, it is our will, and we doe straitlie command and charg our lion herauld and his deputies for the time beand, to give and to graunt to the said John Scott, ane Border of ffleure de lises about his coatte of armes, sik as is on our royal banner, and alsua ane bundell of launces above his helmet, with thir words, Readdy, ay Readdy, that he and all his aftercummers may bruik the samine as a pledge and taiken of our guid will and kyndnes for his true worthines; and thir our letters seen, ye nae wayes failzie to doe. Given at Ffalla Muire, under our hand and privy cashet, the xxvii day of July, m c and xxxii zeires. By the King's graces speciall ordinance.

'Jo. Arskine.'

On the back of the charter is written, —

'Edin. 14 January, 1713. Registred, conform to the act of parliament made anent probative writs, per M'Kaile, pror. and produced by Alexander Borthwick, servant to Sir William Scott of Thirlestane. M. L. J.'

Note 103, p. 225

The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murdieston was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognizance of the

[1] *Sic* in original.

Scotts upon the field; whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage. (See Gladstaine of Whitelawe's MSS., and *Scott of Stokoe's Pedigree*, Newcastle, 1783.)

Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border freebooter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;* others in Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy;* and others, more lately, in *The Mountain Bard*, a collection of Border Ballads by Mr. James Hogg. The bugle-horn, said to have been used by this formidable leader, is preserved by his descendant, the present Mr. Scott of Harden. His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish, announced to the hungry band, that they must ride for a supply of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of Yarrow. He possessed a very extensive estate, which was divided among his five sons. There are numerous descendants of this old marauding Baron. The following beautiful passage of Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy*, is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive, whom Walter of Harden carried off in a predatory incursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs: —

> Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
> Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
> Through slaty hills, whose sides are shagg'd with thorn,
> Where springs, in scatter'd tufts, the dark-green corn,
> Towers wood-girt Harden, far above the vale,
> And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
> A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,
> The *Scott*, to rival realms a mighty bar,
> Here fixed his mountain-home; — a wide domain,
> And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;
> But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
> From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright;
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;
And as the massy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veil'd, leans from her latticed hall,
Where red the wavering gleams of torchlight fall?
'T is Yarrow's fairest Flower, who, through the gloom,
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil, that strew'd the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beauteous Mary soothed, in accents mild,
His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view;
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shunn'd the fearful shuddering joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding hours,
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.
He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier:
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom:
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unsung.

Note 104, p. 226

In this and the following stanzas, some account is given of the mode in which the property in the valley of Esk was transferred from the Beattisons, its ancient possessors, to the name of Scott. It is needless to repeat the circumstances, which are given in the poem literally as they have been preserved by tradition. Lord Maxwell, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, took upon himself the title of Earl of Morton. The descendants of Beattison of Woodkerrick, who aided the earl to escape from his disobedient vassals, continued to hold these lands within the memory of man, and were the only Beattisons who had property in

the dale. The old people give locality to the story by showing the Galliard's Haugh, the place where Buccleuch's men were concealed, etc.

Note 105, p. 221

Bellenden is situated near the head of Borthwick Water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.

Note 106, p. 233

The mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1380, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, mutinied for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: '"I counsayle, let us be alle of one alliance, and of one accorde, and let us among ourselves reyse up the baner of St. George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemyes to alle the worlde; for without we make ourselfe to be feared, we gette nothynge."

'"By my fayth," quod Sir William Helmon, "ye saye right well, and so let us do." They all agreed with one voyce, and so regarded among them who shulde be their capitayne. Then they advysed in the case how they coude nat have a better capitayne than Sir John Soltier. For they sulde then have good leyser to do yvel, and they thought he was more metelyer thereto than any other. Then they raised up the penon of St. George, and cried, "A Soltier! a Soltier! the valyaunt bastarde! frendes to God, and enemies to all the worlde!"' (Froissart, vol. I, ch. 393.)

Note 107, p. 235

A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded.

Note 108, p. 237

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce. Thus, in an indenture made at the water of Eske, beside Salom, on the 25th day of March, 1334, betwixt noble lords and mighty, Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July; and it is expressly accorded, 'Gif ony stellis authir on the ta part, or on the tothyr, that he shall be hanget or heofdit; and gif ony company stellis any gudes within the trieux beforesayd, ane of that company sall be hanget or heofdit, and the remanant sall restore the gudys stolen in the dubble.' (*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, Introd., p. xxxix.)

Note 109, p. 238.

In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing bills, or indictments, by Border-oath, ran thus: 'You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd, kenning, having, or recetting of any of the goods and cattels named in this bill. So help you God.'

Note 110, p. 238

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly of-

fended his jealous sovereign by the indiscriminate exertion of this privilege. Among others, he knighted the witty Sir John Harrington, whose favour at court was by no means enhanced by his new honours. (See the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, edited by Mr. Park.) But probably the latest instance of knighthood, conferred by a subject, was in the case of Thomas Ker, knighted by the Earl of Huntley, after the defeat of the Earl of Argyle in the battle of Belrinnes. The fact is attested, both by a poetical and prose account of the engagement, contained in an ancient MS. in the Advocates' Library, and edited by Mr. Dalyell, in *Godly Sangs and Ballets*, Edin. 1802.

NOTE 111, p. 238

The battle of Ancram Moor, or Penielheuch, was fought A.D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley.

NOTE 112, p. 241

This was the cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches. The crest, or bearing, of a warrior, was often used as a *nomme de guerre*. Thus Richard III acquired his well-known epithet, *The Boar of York*. In the violent satire on Cardinal Wolsey, written by Roy, commonly, but erroneously, imputed to Dr. Bull, the Duke of Buckingham is called the *Beautiful Swan*, and the Duke of Norfolk, or Earl of Surrey, the *White Lion*. As the book is extremely rare, and the whole passage relates to the emblematical interpretation of heraldry, it shall be here given at length.

The Description of the Armes.

Of the proud Cardinal this is the shelde,
Borne up betweene two angels of Sathan;
The six bloudy axes in a bare felde,
Sheweth the cruelte of the red man,
Which hath devoured the Beautiful Swan,
Mortal enemy unto the Whyte Lion,
Carter of Yorke, the vyle butcher's sonne.

The six bulles heddes in a felde blacke,
Betokeneth his stordy furiousness,
Wherefore, the godly lyght to put abacke,
He bryngeth in his dyvlish darcness;
The bandog in the middes doth expresse
The mastiff curre bred in Ypswich towne,
Gnawynge with his teth a kinges crowne.
The cloubbe signifieth playne his tiranny,
Covered over with a Cardinal's hatt,
Wherein shall be fulfilled the prophecy,
Aryse up, Jacke, and put on thy salatt,
For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt.
The temporall chevalry thus thrown doune,
Wherefore, prest, take hede, and beware thy crowne.

There were two copies of this very scarce satire in the library of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe. See an account of it also in Sir Egerton Brydges' curious miscellany, the *Censura Literaria*.

Note 113, p. 241

It may easily be supposed, that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders. In 1558, the well-known Kirkaldy of Grange fought a duel with Ralph Evre, brother to the then Lord Evre, in consequence of a dispute about a prisoner said to have been ill treated by the Lord Evre. Pitscottie gives the following account of the affair: 'The Lord of Ivers his brother provoked William Kircaldy of Grange to fight with him, in singular combat, on horseback, with spears; who, keeping the appointment, accompanied with Monsieur d'Ossel, lieutenant to the French King, and the garrison of Haymouth, and Mr. Ivers, accompanied with the governor and garrison of Berwick, it was discharged, under the pain of treason, that any man should come near the champions within a flight-shot, except one man for either of them, to bear their spears, two trumpets, and two lords to be judges. When they were in readiness, the trumpets sounded, the heraulds cried, and the judges let them go. They then encountered very fiercely; but Grange struck his spear through his adversary's shoulder, and bare him off his horse, being sore wounded: But whether he died, or not, it is uncertain.' (Page 202.)

The following indenture will show at how late a period the trial by combat was resorted to on the Border, as a proof of guilt or innocence: —

'It is agreed between Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such controversies as are betwixt them, to have it openly tried by way of combat, before God and the face of the world, to try it in Canonbyholme, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter-week, being the eighth day of April next ensuing, A.D. 1602, betwixt nine of the clock, and one of the same day, to fight on foot, to be armed with jack, steel cap, plaite sleeves, plaite breaches, plaite sockes, two basleard swords, the blades to be one yard and half a quarter in length, two Scotch daggers, or dorks, at their girdles, and either of them to provide armour and weapons for themselves, according to this indenture. Two gentlemen to be appointed, on the field, to view both the parties, to see that they both be equal in arms and weapons, according to this indenture; and being so viewed by the gentlemen, the gentlemen to ride to the rest of the company, and to leave them but two boys, viewed by the gentlemen, to be under sixteen years of age, to hold their horses. In testimony of this our agreement, we have both set our hands to this indenture, of intent all matters shall be made so plain, as there shall be no question to stick upon that day. Which indenture, as a witness, shall be delivered to two gentlemen. And for that it is convenient the world should be privy to every particular of the grounds of the quarrel, we have agreed to set it down in this indenture betwixt us, that, knowing the quarrel, their eyes may be witness of the trial.

THE GROUNDS OF THE QUARREL

'1. Lancelot Carleton did charge Thomas Musgrave before the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council, that Lancelot Carleton was told by a gentleman, one of her Majesty's sworn servants, that Thomas Musgrave had offered to deliver her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle to the King of Scots; and to

witness the same, Lancelot Carleton had a letter under the gentleman's own hand for his discharge.

'2. He chargeth him, that whereas her Majesty doth yearly bestow a great fee upon him, as captain of Bewcastle, to aid and defend her Majesty's subjects therein: Thomas Musgrave hath neglected his duty, for that her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle was by him made a den of thieves, and an harbour and receipt for murderers, felons, and all sorts of misdemeanors. The precedent was Quintin Whitehead and Runion Blackburne.

'3. He chargeth him, that his office of Bewcastle is open for the Scotch to ride in and through, and small resistance made by him to the contrary.

'Thomas Musgrave doth deny all this charge; and saith, that he will prove that Lancelot Carleton doth falsely bely him, and will prove the same by way of combat, according to this indenture. Lancelot Carleton hath entertained the challenge; and so, by God's permission, will prove it true as before, and hath set his hand to the same.

(Signed) 'Thomas Musgrave.
'Lancelot Carleton.'

Note 114, p. 244

The person here alluded to is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This soubriquet was probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called 'Rattling Roaring Willie.' Ramsay, who set no value on traditionary lore,

published a few verses of this song in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, carefully suppressing all which had any connexion with the history of the author and origin of the piece. In this case, however, honest Allan is in some degree justified, by the extreme worthlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the text: —

Now Willie's gane to Jeddart,
  And he 's for the *rood-day;* [1]
But Stobs and young Falnash [2]
  They follow'd him a' the way;
They follow'd him a' the way,
  They sought him up and down,
In the links of Ousenam water
  They fand him sleeping sound.

Stobs light aff his horse,
  And never a word he spak,
Till he tied Willie's hands
  Fu' fast behind his back;
Fu' fast behind his back,
  And down beneath his knee,
And drink will be dear to Willie,
  When sweet milk [3] gars him die.

Ah wae light on ye, Stobs!
  An ill death mot ye die;
Ye 're the first and foremost man
  That e'er laid hands on me;
That e'er laid hands on me,
  And took my mare me frae:
Wae to you, Sir Gilbert Elliot!
  Ye are my mortal fae!

The lasses of Ousenam water
  Are rugging and riving their hair,
And a' for the sake of Willie,
  His beauty was so fair:
His beauty was so fair,
  And comely for to see,
And drink will be dear to Willie,
  When sweet milk gars him die.

Note 115, p. 244

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus: 'Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of De-

[1] The day of the Rood-fair at Jedburgh.
[2] Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and Scott of Falnash.
[3] A wretched pun on his antagonist's name.

cember, 1468, Earl *William Douglas* assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of *Lincluden;* and there he caused these lords and Borderers bodily to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they, justly and truly, after their cunning, should decrete, decern, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that were ordained in *Black Archibald of Douglas's* days, and Archibald his son's days, in time of warfare; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances, which were in time of warfare before. The said Earl *William*, seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said lords and Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borders; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare, he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes underwritten. Also, the said Earl *William*, and lords, and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be used, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming.'

Note 116, p. 249

The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land.

Note 117, p. 249

Sir David Hume, of Wedderburn, who was slain in the fatal battle of Flodden, left seven sons by his wife Isabel. They were called the Seven Spears of Wedderburn.

Note 118, p. 249

At the battle of Beauge, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V, was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors.

Note 119, p. 251

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent; but, as a difference, changed the color of the shield from gules to vert, in allusion to Greenlaw, their ancient possession. The slogan, or war-cry, of this powerful family, was, 'A Home! a Home!' It was anciently placed in an escrol above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head erased gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine. The *Hepburns*, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homes. The chief of this clan was Hepburn, Lord of Hailes, a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell.

Note 120, p. 251

The football was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a football match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scotch riders to be held at Kelso for the purpose of playing at football, but which terminated in an incursion upon England.

Note 121, p. 252

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the

inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the outposts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages, between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connexion. Froissart says of both nations, that 'Englyshmen on the one party, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre; for when they meet, there is a harde fight without sparynge. There is no hoo [*truce*] between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure, but lay on eche upon uther; and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then gloryfye so in theyre dedes of armies, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed, or that they go out of the felde; so that shortly eche of them is so content with other, that, at their departynge, curtyslye they will say, God thank you.' (Berners's *Froissart*, vol. II, p. 153.) The Border meetings of truce, which, although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most bloody scenes, may serve to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the Reidsquair. Both parties came armed to a meeting of the wardens, yet they intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose: —

> Then was there nought but bow and spear,
> And every man pulled out a brand.

In the twenty-ninth stanza of this canto, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings with which the Borderers on each side were led to regard their neighbours.

Note 122, p. 252

Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset on

his expedition against Scotland. 'As we wear then a setling, and the tents a setting up, among all things els commendable in our hole journey, one thing seemed to me an intollerable disorder and abuse: that whereas always, both in all tounes of war, and in all campes of armies, quietness and stilnes, without nois, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed, (I nede not reason why,) our northern prikers, the Borderers, notwithstandyng, with great enormitie, (as thought me,) and not unlike (to be playn) unto a masterles hounde howlyng in a hie way when he hath lost him he waited upon, sum hoopynge, sum whistlyng, and most with crying, A Berwyke, a Berwyke! A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke! A Bulmer, a Bulmer! or so ootherwise as theyr captains names wear, never lin'de these troublous and dangerous noyses all the nyghte longe. They said, they did it to find their captain and fellows; but if the souldiers of our oother countreys and sheres had used the same maner, in that case we should have oft tymes had the state of our campe more like the outrage of a dissolute huntyng, than the quiet of a well ordered armye. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could reherse causes (but yf I take it, they are better unspoken than uttred, unless the faut wear sure to be amended) that might shew thei move alweis more peral to our armie, but in their one nyght's so doynge, than they shew good service (as some sey) in a hoole vyage.' (*Apud* Dalzell's *Fragments*, p. 75.)

Note 123, p. 268

The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horns, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned bloodshed. In addition to what has been said of the blood-hound, I may add, that the breed was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border estates till within the 18th century. A person was alive in the memory of man, who remembered a blood-hound being kept at Eldinhope,

in Ettrick Forest, for whose maintenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At that time the sheep were always watched at night. Upon one occasion, when the duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue, and fell asleep upon a bank, near sun-rising. Suddenly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five men, well mounted and armed, ride briskly over the edge of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock; but the day was too far broken to admit the chance of their carrying any of them off. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, and coming to the shepherd, seized him by the belt he wore round his waist; and, setting his foot upon his body, pulled it till it broke, and carried it away with him. They rode off at the gallop; and, the shepherd giving the alarm, the blood-hound was turned loose, and the people in the neighbourhood alarmed. The marauders, however, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circumstance serves to show how very long the license of the Borderers continued in some degree to manifest itself.

Note 124, p. 273

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians, and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil. The classical reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote: —

'Virgilius was at scole at Tolenton, where he stodyed dylygently, for he was of great understandynge. Upon a tyme, the scolers had lycense to go to play and sporte them in the fyldes, after the usance of the ole tyme. And there was also Virgilius therbye, also walkynge among the hylles all about. It fortuned he spyed a great hole in the syde of a great hyll, wherein he went so depe, that he culd not see no more lyght; and than he went a lytell

farther therein, and than he saw some lyght agayne, and than he went fourth streyghte, and within a lytell wyle after he harde a voyce that called, "Virgilius! Virgilius!" and looked aboute, and he colde nat see no body. Then sayd he (i.e., the *voice*), "Virgilius, see ye not the lytyll borde lying bysyde you there marked with that word?" Than answered Virgilius, "I see that borde well anough." The voyce said, "Doo awaye that borde, and lette me out there atte." Than answered Virgilius to the voice that was under the lytell borde, and sayd, "Who art thou that callest me so?" Than answered the devyll, "I am a devyll conjured out of the bodye of a certeyne man, and banysshed here tyll the day of judgmend, without that I be delyvered by the handes of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray the, delyver me out of this payn, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of negromancye, and how thou shalt come by it lyghtly, and know the practyse therein, that no man in the scyence of negromancye shall passe the. And moreover, I shall shewe and enforme the so, that thou shalt have alle thy desyre, whereby methinke it is a great gyfte for so lytyll a doyng. For ye may also thus all your power frendys helpe, and make ryche your enemyes." Thorough that great promyse was Virgilius tempted; he badde the fynd show the bokes to hym, that he might have and occupy them at his wyll; and so the fynde shewed him. And than Virgilius pulled open a borde, and there was a lytell hole, and thereat wrang the devyll out like a yell, and cam and stode before Virgilius lyke a bygge man; whereof Virgilius was astonied and marveyled greatly thereof, that so great a man myght come out at so lytyll a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, "Shulde ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of?" "Yea, I shall well," said the devyl. "I holde the best plegge that I have, that ye shall not do it." "Well," sayd the devyll, "thereto I consent." And then the devyll wrange himselfe into the lytyll hole ageyne; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyvered the hole ageyne with the borde close, and so was the devyll begyled, and myght nat there come out agen, but abydeth shytte styll therein. Than called the devyll dredefully to Virgilius, and said, "What have ye done, Virgilius?" Virgilius answered, "Abyde

there styll to your day appoynted"; and fro thens forth abydeth he there. And so Virgilius became very connynge in the practyse of the black scyence.'

This story may remind the reader of the Arabian tale of the Fisherman and the imprisoned Genie; and it is more than probable, that many of the marvels narrated in the life of Virgil, are of Oriental extraction. Among such I am disposed to reckon the following whimsical account of the foundation of Naples, containing a curious theory concerning the origin of the earthquakes with which it is afflicted. Virgil, who was a person of gallantry, had, it seems, carried off the daughter of a certain Soldan, and was anxious to secure his prize.

'Than he thought in his mynde how he myghte marye hyr, and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fayer towne, with great landes belongynge to it; and so he did by his cunnynge, and called it Napells. And the fandacyon of it was of egges, and in that town of Napells he made a tower with iiii corners, and in the toppe he set an apell upon an yron yarde, and no man culde pull away that apell without he brake it; and thoroughe that yren set he a bolte, and in that bolte set he a egge. And he henge the apell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangeth it still. And when the egge styrreth, so shulde the towne of Napells quake; and whan the egge brake, than shulde the town sinke. Whan he had made an ende, he lette call it Napells.' This appears to have been an article of current belief during the middle ages, as appears from the statutes of the order *Du Saint Esprit au droit desir*, instituted in 1352. A chapter of the knights is appointed to be held annually at the Castle of the Enchanted Egg, near the grotto of Virgil. (Montfaucon, vol. II, p. 329.)

Note 125, p. 273

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight, or baron. Godscroft relates, that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a

royal garrison into his Castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophising a goshawk, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, 'The devil's in this greedy glede, she will never be full.' Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

Note 126, p. 273

The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipped in lighted spirits of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festivals, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, 'before the peacock and the ladies.'

The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served.

Note 127, p. 274

There are often flights of wild swans upon St. Mary's Lake, at the head of the river Yarrow.

Note 128, p. 275

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion. Mr. Rutherford, late of New York, in a letter to the editor, soon after these songs were first

published, quoted, when upwards of eighty years old, a ballad apparently the same with the 'Raid of the Reidsquare,' but which apparently is lost, except the following lines: —

Bauld Rutherfurd he was fu' stout,
With all his nine sons him about,
He brought the lads of Jedbrught out,
And bauldly fought that day.

Note 129, p. 275

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with whom he had quarrelled? and learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting, that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

Note 130, p. 76

The person bearing this redoubtable *nom de guerre* was an Elliot, and resided at Thorleshope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders, in 1597.

Note 131, p. 276

A tradition preserved by Scott of Satchells, who published, in 1688, *A True History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott*, gives the following romantic origin of that name. Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankleburn, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth MacAlpin, then King of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pur-

sued a buck from Ettrick-heuch to the glen now called Buckcleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankleburn with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the Sovereign's feet.[1]

The deer being curee'd in that place,
At his Majesty's demand,
Then John of Galloway ran apace,
And fetched water to his hand.
The King did wash into a dish,
And Galloway John he wot;
He said, 'Thy name now after this
Shall ever be called John Scott.

'The forest and the deer therein,
We commit to thy hand;
For thou shalt sure the ranger be,
If thou obey command;
And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heuch,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scott in Buckscleuch.'
* * * * * * *
In Scotland no Buckcleuch was then,
Before the buck in the cleuch was slain;
Night's men[2] at first they did appear,
Because moon and stars to their arms they bear.

[1] Froissart relates, that a knight of the household of the Comte de Foix exhibited a similar feat of strength. The hall-fire had waxed low, and wood was wanted to mend it. The knight went down to the court-yard, where stood an ass laden with fagots, seized on the animal and burden, and, carrying him up to the hall on his shoulders, tumbled him into the chimney with his heels uppermost: a humane pleasantry, much applauded by the Count and all the spectators.

[2] 'Minions of the moon,' as Falstaff would have said. The vocation pursued by our ancient Borderers may be justified on the authority of the most polished of the ancient nations: 'For the Grecians in old time, and such barbarians as in the continent lived neere unto the sea, or else inhabited the islands, after once they began to crosse over one to another in ships, became theeves, and went abroad under the conduct of their more puissant men, both to enrich themselves, and to fetch in maintenance for the weak; and falling upon towns unfortified, or scatteringly inhabited, rifled them, and made this the best means of thear living; being a matter at that time no where in disgrace, but rather carrying with it something

Their crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,
Show their beginning from hunting came;
Their name, and style, the book doth say,
John gained them both into one day.
WATT'S *Bellenden.*

The Buccleuch arms have been altered, and now allude less pointedly to this hunting, whether real or fabulous. The family now bear *Or*, upon a bend azure, a mullet betwixt two crescents of the field; in addition to which, they formerly bore in the field a hunting-horn. The supporters, now two ladies, were formerly a hound and buck, or, according to the old terms, a *hart of leash* and a *hart of greece*. The family of Scott of Howpasley and Thirlestaine long retained the bugle-horn; they also carried a bent bow and arrow in the sinister cantle, perhaps as a difference. It is said the motto was, — *Best riding by moonlight*, in allusion to the crescents on the shield, and perhaps to the habits of those who bore it. The motto now given is *Amo*, applying to the female supporters.

NOTE 132, p. 277

John Grahame, second son of *Malice*, Earl of *Monteith*, commonly surnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides): 'They were all stark moss-troopers, and arrant thieves; Both to England and Scotland outlawed: yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid

of glory. This is manifest by some that dwell upon the continent, amongst whom so it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The same is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduced men questioning of such as sail by, on all coasts alike, whether they be theeves or not; as a thyng neyther scorned by such as were asked, nor upbraided by those that were desirous to know. They also robbed one another, within the main land; and much of Greece useth that old custome, as the *Locrians*, the *Acarnanians*, and those of the continent in that quarter, unto this day. Moreover, the fashion of wearing iron remaineth yet with the people of that continent, from their old trade of theeving.' (Hobbes's *Thucydides*, p. 4. Lond.)

of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son (which is now become proverbial), *Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot:* that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more.' (*Introduction to the History of Cumberland.*)

The residence of the Græmes being chiefly in the Debatable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland with impunity; for as both wardens accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them.

Note 133, p. 278

This burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old Scottish song, beginning thus: —

> She lean'd her back against a thorn,
> The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa':
> And there she has her young babe born,
> And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

Note 134, p. 280

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII, who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

Note 135, p. 283

The St. Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St. Clair, second son of Walderne Compte de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly St. Clair; and, settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Caenmore, obtained large grants of land in Mid-Lothian. These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Rosline, Pentland, Cowsland, Cardaine, and several others. It is said a large addition was obtained from Robert Bruce, on the following occasion: The King, in following the chase upon Pentland-hills, had often started a 'white faunch deer,' which had always escaped from his hounds; and he asked the nobles, who were assembled around him, whether any of them had dogs, which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were fleeter than those of the king, until Sir William St. Clair of Rosline unceremoniously said, he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs, *Help* and *Hold*, would kill the deer before she could cross the March-burn. The King instantly caught at his unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentland-moor against the life of Sir William St. Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches, or slow-hounds, to put up the deer; while Sir William St. Clair, posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook, upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, Hold stopped her in the brook; and Help, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The King descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-house, Earncraig, etc. in free forestrie. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St. Katherine's intercession,

built the chapel of St. Katherine in the Hopes, the churchyard of which is still to be seen. The hill, from which Robert Bruce beheld this memorable chase, is still called the King's Hill; and the place where Sir William hunted, is called the Knight's Field.[1] (MS. History of the Family of St. Clair, by Richard Augustin Hay, Canon of St. Genevieve.)

This adventurous huntsman married Elizabeth, daughter of Malice Spar, Earl of Orkney and Stratherne, in whose right their son Henry was, in 1379, created Earl of Orkney, by Haco, king of Norway. His title was recognised by the Kings of Scotland, and remained with his successors until it was annexed to the Crown, in 1471, by Act of Parliament. In exchange for this earldom, the castle and domains of Ravenscraig, or Ravensheuch, were conferred on William St. Clair, Earl of Caithness.

Note 136, p. 283

The Castle of Kirkwall was built by the St. Clairs, while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Caithness about 1615, having been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney.

Its ruins afforded a sad subject of contemplation to John, Master of St. Clair, who, flying from his native country, on account of his share in the insurrection 1715, made some stay at Kirkwall.

'I had occasion to entertain myself at Kirkwall with the melancholie prospect of the ruins of an old castle, the seat of the old Earls of Orkney, my ancestors; and of a more melancholy

[1] The tomb of Sir William St. Clair, on which he appears sculptured in armour, with a greyhound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roslin chapel. The person who shows it always tells the story of his hunting-match, with some addition to Mr. Hay's account; as that the Knight of Rosline's fright made him poetical, and that in the last emergency, he shouted,

Help, Haud, an ye may,
Or Roslin will lose his head this day.

If this couplet does him no great honour as a poet, the conclusion of the story does him still less credit. He set his foot on the dog, says the narrator, and killed him on the spot, saying, he would never again put his neck in such a risk. As Mr. Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it is only founded on the couchant posture of the hound on the monument.

reflection, of so great and noble an estate as the Orkney and Shetland Isles being taken from one of them by James the Third, for faultrie, after his brother, Alexander, Duke of Albany, had married a daughter of my family, and for protecting and defending the said Alexander against the King, who wished to kill him, as he had done his youngest brother, the Earl of Mar; and for which, after the forfaultrie, he *gratefully* divorced my forfaulted ancestor's sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any misalliance to plead against a familie in whose veins the blood of Robert Bruce ran as fresh as in his own; for their title to the crowne was by a daughter of David Bruce, son to Robert; and our alliance was by marrying a grandchild of the same Robert Bruce, and daughter to the sister of the same David, out of the familie of Douglas, which at that time did not much sullie the blood, more than my ancestor's having not long before had the honour of marrying a daughter of the King of Denmark's, who was named Florentine, and has left in the town of Kirkwall a noble monument of the grandeur of the times, the finest church ever I saw entire in Scotland. I then had no small reason to think, in that unhappy state, on the many not inconsiderable services rendered since to the royal familie, for these many years bygone on all occasions, when they stood most in need of friends, which they had thought themselves very often obliged to acknowledge by letters yet extant, and in a style more like friends than souveraigns; our attachment to them, without any other thanks, having brought upon us considerable losses, and among others, that of our all in Cromwell's time; and left in that condition without the least relief except what we found in our own virtue. My father was the only man of the Scots nation who had courage enough to protest in Parliament against King William's title to the throne, which was lost, God knows how: and this at a time when the losses in the cause of the royall familie, and their usual gratitude, had scarce left him bread to maintain a numerous familie of eleven children, who had soon after sprung up on him, in spite of all which, he had honourably persisted in his principle. I say, these things considered, and after being treated

as I was, and in that unluckie state, when objects appear to men in their true light, as at the hour of death, could I be blamed for making some bitter reflections to myself, and laughing at the extravagance and unaccountable humour of men, and the singularitie of my own case (an exile for the cause of the Stuart family), when I ought to have known, that the greatest crime I, or my family, could have committed, was persevering, to my own destruction, in serving the royal family faithfully, though obstinately, after so great a share of depression, and after they had been pleased to doom me and my familie to starve.' (MS. Memoirs of John, Master of St. Clair.)

Note 137, p. 284

The chiefs of the *Vakingr* or Scandinavian pirates assumed the title of Sækonungr, or Sea-kings. Ships, in the inflated language of the Skalds, are often termed the serpents of the ocean.

Note 138, p. 284

The *jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarockr*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

Note 139, p. 284

These were the *Valkyrier*, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They are well known to the English reader as Gray's Fatal Sisters.

Note 140, p. 285

The Northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms and their other treasures. Thus Angantyr, before commencing the duel in which he was slain, stipulated that if he fell, his

sword Tyrfing should be buried with him. His daughter, Hervor, afterwards took it from his tomb. The dialogue which passed betwixt her and Angantyr's spirit on this occasion has been often translated. The whole history may be found in the Hervarar-Saga. Indeed, the ghosts of the Northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valour than to encounter supernatural beings.

Note 141, p. 285

This was a family name in the house of St. Clair. Henry St. Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Stratherne.

Note 142, p. 285

A large and strong castle, situated betwixt Kirkaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Frith of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair, as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III, dated in 1471.

Note 143, p. 287

The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, Lord St. Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentland Moor, etc., Knight of the Cockle, and of the Garter (as is affirmed), High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to

the name, with which, however, the flower has no connexion; the etymology being Rosslinnhe, the promontory of the linn, or waterfall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer in his *Theatrum Scotiæ*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian dominions. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas.

The Barons of Roslin were buried in a vault beneath the chapel floor. The manner of their interment is thus described by Father Hay, in the MS. history already quoted.

'Sir William Sinclair, the father, was a leud man. He kept a miller's daughter, with whom, it is alleged, he went to Ireland; yet I think the cause of his retreat was rather occasioned by the Presbyterians, who vexed him sadly, because of his religion being Roman Catholic. His son, Sir William, died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin the very same day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. When my good-father was buried, his (i.e., Sir William's) corpse seemed to be entire at the opening of the cave; but when they came to touch his body, it fell into dust. He was laying in his armour, with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner, in their armour; late Rosline, my good-father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner. The great expenses she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuary acts, which were made in the following Parliament.'

Note 144, p. 290

The ancient castle of Peel Town, in the Isle of Man, is surrounded by four churches, now ruinous. Through one of these

chapels there was formerly a passage from the guard-room of the garrison. This was closed, it is said, upon the following occasion: 'They say, that an apparition, called, in the Mankish language, the *Mauthe Doog*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and, for that reason, forebore swearing, and all profane discourse, while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to the danger; for I forgot to mention, that the *Mauthe Doog* was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of the day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned; which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence.

'One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions; and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the *Mauthe Doog* would follow him, as it had done the others; for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-

room. In some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till, the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death.

'The *Mauthe Doog* was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about three score years since; and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head.' (Waldron's *Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 107.)

Note 145, p. 290

This was a favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular; as we learn from the following passage: 'The Queen Regent had proposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity; and discoursing of her purpose with Angus, he answered, "Why not, madam? we are happy that have such a princess, that can know and will acknowledge men's services and is willing to recompense it; but, by the might of God" (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times, it was by St. Bryde of Douglas), "if he be a Duke, I will be a Drake!" — So she desisted from prosecuting of that purpose.' (Godscroft, vol. II, p. 131.)

GLOSSARY

abbaye, an abbey.
aboon, above.
acton, a buckram vest worn under armour.
ain, own.
air, a sand-bank.
airn, iron.
almagest, an astronomical or astrological treatise.
Almayn, German.
amice, an ecclesiastical vestment.
amrie, ambry, a cupboard, a locker.
an, if.
ance, once.
ane, one.
anerly, alone.
aneugh, enough.
angel, an old English gold coin.
arquebus, a hagbut, or heavy musket.
auld, old; **auld Reekie,** Edinburgh.
aventayle, the movable front of a helmet.

bairn, a child.
baith, both.
baldric, a belt.
bale, a beacon-fire.
ballium, a fortified court.
bandelier, a belt for carrying ammunition.
ban-dog, a watch-dog.
bandrol, a kind of banner or ensign.
banes, bones.
bang, strike violently, beat, surpass.
barbican, the fortification at a castle-gate.
barded, armoured (said of horses).
barding, horse-armour.
barret-cap, a cloth cap.
bartizan, a small overhanging turret.
basnet, a light helmet.
bassened, having a white stripe down the face.
battalia, a battalion, an army (*not* a plural).
battle, an army.
beadsman, one hired to offer prayers for another.
beaver, the movable front of a helmet.
Beltane, the first of May (a Celtic festival).
bend, bind.
bend (noun), a heraldic term.
bent, a slope; also, aimed.
beshrew, may evil befall, confound.
bicker, a cup, a wooden vessel.
bill, a kind of battle-axe or halberd.
billmen, troops armed with the bill.
black-jack, a leather jug or pitcher.
blaze, blazon, proclaim.
blink, a glimpse.
bluidy, bloody.
bonail, i. e. **bonallez,** a god-speed, parting with a friend.
bonnet-pieces, gold coins with the king's cap (bonnet) on them.
boot and bale, help and hurt.
boune, bowne, prepare, make ready.
boune, ready, prepared.
bountith, a gratuity.
bourd, a jest.
bow o' kye, a herd of cattle.
bower, a chamber, a lodging-place, a lady's apartments.
bra', braw, brave.
bracken, fern.
brae, a hillside.
braid, broad.
branking, prancing.
brast, burst.
bratchet, a slowhound.
brigantine, a kind of body armour.
brigg, a bridge.
brock, a badger.
broke, quartered (the cutting up of a deer).
brose, broth.

brotikins, buskins.
buff, a thick cloth.
burn, a brook.
busk, dress, prepare.
buxom, lively.
by times, betimes, early.

caird, a tinker.
cairn, a heap of stones.
canna, cotton-grass.
cantle, the crown.
canty, cheerful, lively.
cap of maintenance, a cap worn by the king-at-arms or chief herald.
carle, a fellow.
carline, a woman, a witch.
carp, talk.
cast, a pair (of hawks).
causey, a causeway.
chanters, the pipes of the bagpipe.
check at, meditate attack (in falconry).
cheer, face, countenance.
claymore, a large sword.
clerk, a scholar.
clip, clasp, embrace.
clout, mend.
cogie, a small wooden bowl.
combust, an astrological term.
corbel, a bracket.
coronach, a dirge.
correi, a hollow in a hillside, a resort of game.
crabs, crab-apples.
craig, the head.
crenell, an aperture for shooting arrows through.
cresset, a hanging lamp or chandelier.
crouse, bold.
culver, a small cannon.
cumber, trouble.
cummer, a gossip, an intimate friend.
curch, a matron's coif, or head-dress.
cushat-dove, a wood-pigeon.

daggled, bespattered.
darkling, in the dark.
daunder, saunter, wander.
daunton, subdue, tame.
deas, a dais, a platform.
deft, skilful.
demi-volt, a movement in horsemanship.
dern, hid.
dight, decked, dressed, prepared.
dinna, do not.
dinnle, tinkle, thrill.
dint, strike, knock.
dirdum, an uproar.
donjon, the main tower or keep of a castle.
doom, judgment, arbitration.
double tressure, a kind of border in heraldry.
dought, was able, could.
down, a hill.
downa, do not.
dramock, meal and water.
drie, suffer, endure.
drouth, thirst.
dwam, a swoon, a fainting fit.

earn, erne, an eagle.
eburnine, made of ivory.
een, eyes.
embossed, exhausted by running, foaming at the mouth (hunter's term).
emprise, enterprise.
ensenzie, an ensign, a war-cry.
even, spotless, pure.

failzie, failure.
falcon, a kind of small cannon.
fand, found.
fang, to catch.
far yaud, the signal made by a shepherd to his dog, when he is to drive away some sheep at a distance.
Fastern's night, Shrove Tuesday.
fauld, a sheep-fold.
fay, faith.
ferlie, a marvel.
fleech, flatter, cajole.
flemens-firth, an asylum for outlaws.
foray, a predatory inroad.
force, a waterfall.
fosse, a ditch, a moat.
fou, full, tipsy.
frae, from.

fretted, adorned with raised work.
fro, from.
frounced, flounced, plaited.

gae, go; **gaed,** went.
gaitling, a young child.
galliard, a lively dance.
gallowglasses, heavy-armed soldiers (Celtic).
gane, gone.
gang, go.
gar, to make.
gazehound, a hound that pursues by sight rather than scent.
gear, goods, possessions.
gent, high-born, valiant and courteous.
ghast, ghastly.
gie, give.
gin, if.
gipon, a doublet or jacket worn under armour.
glaive, a broadsword.
glamour, a magical illusion.
glee-maiden, a dancing-girl.
gleg, quick, sharp, lively.
glidders, slippery stones.
glozing, flattering.
gorged, having the throat cut.
gorget, armour for the throat.
graith, armour.
gramarye, magic.
gramercy, great thanks (French, *grand merci*).
gree, prize.
greet and grane, weep and groan.
gripple, grasping, miserly.
grisly, horrible, grim.
guarded, edged, trimmed.
gude, good.
gules, red (heraldic).
gylte, a young sow.

hackbuteer, a soldier armed with hackbut or hagbut, a musketeer.
hae't, haet, an atom.
haffets, cheeks.
hag, broken ground in a bog.
hagbut (hackbut, haquebut, arquebus, harquebuss, etc.), a heavy musket.
halberd, halbert, a combined spear and battle-axe.
hale, haul, drag.
hame, home.
handsel, a gift, earnest money.
hanger, a short broadsword.
harried, plundered, sacked.
haud, hold.
hearse, a canopy over a tomb, or the tomb itself.
heeze, heise, hoist, raise.
hent, seize.
heriot, tribute due to a lord from a vassal.
heron-shew, a young heron.
hight, called, named, promised.
holt, wood, woodland.
hosen, hose (old plural).
howf, howff, a haunt, a resort.

idlesse, idleness.
ilka, each, every.
imp, a child.
inch, an island.

jack, a leather jacket, a kind of armour for the body.
jennet, a small Spanish horse.
jerkin, a kind of short coat.
jowing, ringing or tolling.

kale, broth.
kebbuck, cheese.
keek, peep.
ken, to know.
kern, a light-armed soldier (Celtic).
kill, a cell.
kipper, salmon or sea trout.
kirk, a church.
kirn, the Scottish harvest-home.
kirtle, a skirt, a gown.
kist, a chest.
kittle, ticklish, delicate.
knosp, a knob (architectural).
knowe, a knoll, a hillock.
kye, cows.

lair, learning.
lair, to stick in the mud.
largesse, largess, liberality, gift.

lauds, psalms.
launcegay, a kind of spear.
laverock, a lark.
leading-staff, a staff carried by a commanding officer.
leaguer, a camp.
leal-fast, loyal, faithful.
leash, a thong for leading a greyhound; also the hounds so led.
leister, to spear.
leven, a lawn, an open space between or among woods.
levin, lightning, thunderbolt.
libbard, a leopard.
Lincoln green, a cloth worn by huntsmen.
linn, a waterfall, a pool below a fall, a precipice.
linstock, lintstock, a handle for the **lint** or match used in firing cannon.
lists, the enclosure for a tournament.
litherlie, mischievous, vicious.
loon, a rogue, a strumpet.
loot, let.
lorn, lost.
loup, leap.
lourd, rather.
lout, bend, stoop.
lurch, rob.
lurcher, a dog that **lurches** (lurks), or lies in wait for game.
lurdane, a blockhead.
lyke-wake, the watching of a corpse before burial.
lyme-dog, a bloodhound.

mair, more.
make, do.
malison, a malediction, a curse.
Malvoisie, Malmsey wine.
march, a border, a frontier.
march-treason, offences committed on the Border.
massy, massive.
maukin, a hare.
maun, must.
mavis, the thrush.
meikle, much, great.
melle, mell, meddle.
merk, a Scottish coin worth about $13\frac{1}{3}d.$
merle, the blackbird.
merlin, a species of falcon.
mewed, shut up, confined.
mickle, much, great.
minion, favourite.
miniver, a kind of fur.
mirk, dark.
mony, many.
moonlight, smuggled spirits.
morion, a steel cap, a helmet.
morrice-pike, a long heavy spear.
morris, a kind of dance.
morsing-horns, powder-flasks.
mot, mote, must, might.
muckle, much, large.
muir, a moor, a heath.

nae, no.
need-fire, a beacon-fire.
neist, next.
nese, a nose.

oe, an island.
O hone, alas!
Omrahs, nobles (Turkish).
or, gold (heraldic).
orra, odd, occasional.
owches, jewels.
ower, over, too.

pall, fine or rich cloth.
pallioun, a pavilion.
palmer, a pilgrim to the Holy Land.
pardoner, a seller of priestly indulgences.
partisan, a halberd, a combination of spear and battle-axe.
peel, a Border tower.
pensils, small pennons or streamers.
pentacle, a magic diagram.
pibroch, a Highland air on the bagpipe.
pied, variegated.
pike, pick.
pinnet, a pinnacle.
pirn, a spool, a reel.
placket, a stomacher, a petticoat, a slit in a petticoat, etc.

plate-jack, coat-armour.
plump, a body of cavalry, a group, a company.
poke, a sack, a pocket.
port, a lively tune, a catch.
post and pair, an old game at cards.
pow, a head.
pranked, dressed up, adorned.
presence, the royal presence-chamber.
pricked, spurred.
propine, a present.
pryse, the note blown at the death of the game.
puir, poor.
pursuivant, an attendant on a herald.

quaigh, a wooden cup, composed of staves hooped together.
quarry, game (hunter's term).
quatre-feuille, quatrefoil (Gothic ornament).
quit, requite.

rack, a floating cloud.
racking, flying, like a breaking cloud.
rade, rode.
rais, the master of a vessel.
reads, counsels.
reave, tear away.
rede, a story, counsel, advice.
reiver, a plunderer, a robber.
reliquaire, a repository for relics.
retrograde, an astrological term.
rie, a prince or chief; **O hone a rie,** alas for the chief!
rin, run.
risp, creak.
rive, tear.
rochet, a bishop's short surplice.
rokelay, a short cloak.
rood, a cross (as in **Holy-Rood**).
room, a piece of land.
rowan, the mountain-ash.
ruth, pity, compassion.

sack, Sherry or Canary wine.
sackless, innocent.
sae, so.
saga, a Scandinavian epic.
sair, sore, very.
sall, shall.
saltier, in heraldry an ordinary in the form of a St. Andrew's cross.
salvo-shot, a salute of artillery.
sark, a shirt.
saye, say, assertion.
scalds, Scandinavian minstrels.
scallop, a pilgrim's cockle-shell worn as an emblem.
scapular, an ecclesiastical scarf or short cloak.
scathe, harm, injury.
scaur, a cliff, a precipitous bank of earth.
scaur'd, scared.
scrae, a bank of loose stones.
scrogg, a stunted tree, underwood.
sea-dog, a seal.
selcouth, strange, uncouth.
selle, a saddle.
seneschal, the steward of a castle.
sewer, an officer who serves up a feast.
shalm, a shawm, a musical instrument.
sheeling, a shepherd's hut.
sheen, bright, shining.
shent, shamed.
shirra, a sheriff.
shrieve, shrive, absolve.
shroud, a garment, a plaid.
sic, such.
siller, silver.
skirl, scream, sound shrilly.
sleights, tricks, stratagems.
slogan, the war-cry or gathering word of a Border clan.
snood, a maiden's hair-band or fillet.
soland, solan-goose, gannet.
sooth, true, truth.
sped, despatched, 'done for.'
speer, speir, ask.
speerings, tidings.
spell, make out, study out.
sperthe, a battle-axe.
springlet, a small spring.
spule, a shoulder.
spurn, kick.
stag of ten, one having ten branches on his antlers.
stamock, the stomach.

stance, a station.
stane, a stone.
stark, stout, stalwart.
stern, a star.
sterte, started.
stirrup-cup, a parting cup.
stole, an ecclesiastical scarf or robe.
stoled, wearing the **stole.**
store, stored up.
stoun, stown, stolen.
stour, severe.
stowre, battle, tumult.
strain, stock, race.
strath, a broad river-valley.
strathspey, a Highland dance.
streight, strait.
strook, struck, stricken.
stumah, faithful.
swith, haste, quickly.
syde, long.
syne, since; **lang syne,** long ago.

tabard, a herald's coat.
tait, a tuft.
targe, a shield.
tarn, a mountain lake.
tartan, the full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.
tett, a plait or plaited knot.
throstle, a thrush.
tide, time.
tine, lose; **tint,** lost.
tire, a head-dress.
toom, empty.
tottered, tattered, ragged.
toun, a town.
train, allure, entice.
tressure, a border (heraldic).
trews, Highland trousers.
trine, threefold, an astrological term.
truncheon, a staff, the shaft of a spear.
tyke, a dog.
tyne, lose.

uncouth, strange, unknown.
uneath, not easily, with difficulty.
unsparred, unbarred.
upsees, a Bacchanalian cry or interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.
urchin, an elf.

vail, avail.
vail, lower, let fall.
vair, a kind of fur, probably of the squirrel.
vantage-coign, an advantageous position.
vaunt-brace, or **warn-brace,** armour for the forearm.
vaward, van, front.
vilde, vile.

wad, would.
wan, won.
Warden-raid, a raid commanded by a Border Warden in person.
ware, beware of.
warlock, a wizard.
warped, frozen.
warre, worse.
warrison, a note of assault.
warstle, wrestle.
wassail, spiced ale, a drinking-bout.
wauk, wake.
waur, worse.
weapon-schaw, a military array of a county, a muster.
weed, a garment.
weird, fate, doom.
whenas, when.
whilere, while-ere, erewhile, a while ago.
whiles, sometimes.
whilom, whilome, formerly.
whin, gorse, furze.
whingers, knives, poniards.
whinyard, a hunter's knife.
wight, active, gallant, war-like.
wildering, bewildering.
wimple, a veil.
woe-worth, woe be to.
woned, dwelt.
wraith, an apparition, a spectre.
wreak, avenge.
wud, would.
wuddie, the gallows.

yare, ready.
yate, a gate.
yerk, jerk.
yode, went.

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS
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